McKean County Miner.

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12th ANNUAL CONVENTION STARTS RIGHT.

Good Crowd and Weather First Day —Big Parade To-day.

NORTH EAST GETS '07 CONVENTION

Bradford Wins from Kane Yesterday. Two Games To-day—Races on Friday—Convention Promises to be Great Success—Officers Elected.

The first day of the Twelfth Annual Firemen's Convention was all that could be desired. The weather was clear and fair, although a trifle warm for some. The town is well filled with sight-seers, venders and street fakirs and everybody is having a good time and are glad they came. By noon to-day Smethport will have one of the largest crowds ever visited the county seat.

Every business place is beautifully decorated and one would have to go a good ways to find a prettier town or a more jolly lot of people than were in the county seat last night. The parade will be the largest this place ever witnessed.

The convention opened yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Lyceum and after the routine business was transacted an adjournment was made until 8 p. m. In the evening necessary business was transacted and the following officers were elected: President, Sheridan Gorton, Smethport; 1st vice president, George Guy, Bradford; 2nd vice president, J. M. Keeny, Port Allegany secretary, Fred Seger, Emporium; treasurer, Mose Cohn, Bradford, and North East was selected for the place of meeting in 1907. S. E. Bell of Smethport was elected a delegate to represent the association at state convention and a vote of thanks was also tendered to the Smethport firemen by the convention.

Immediately after the business meeting last night a banquet was served to the delegates and members by the ladies at the hose house. It was in the nature of a cold luncheon and about 100 guests were seated.

One of the most interesting games of ball ever played here was that at Kane field yesterday afternoon between Kane and Bradford, the latter winning by a score of 5 to 2. It was an errorless game on both sides and was witnessed by about 400 enthusiastic fans.

Two games will be played here today, one at 10 a. m. and the other at 4:30 p. m. The morning game is an exhibition game.

The game called at 4:30 with Kerwin on the rubber for Bradford and Jarrett the center of attraction for Kane. Bradford was first at bat and retired in order. Kane received the same treatment. Bradford scored a run in the second on two-baggers by Hazelton and Harrell. After Eichberger's single Kane was retired in order. In the third Bradford was retired one, two, three with the exception of Johnson's hit. Urquhart drew a pass and stole second but the three following were retired. Bradford was retired in order in the fourth. Kane got two men on bases but failed to score. Kerwin, with one out, hit for two bases in the fifth but failed to score. Urquhart opened with a single and was out on Jarrett's players choice; Sasse singled, Colopy flyed out; Shields and Eichberger singled and Curtin fanned out netting two runs. In the sixth both sides were retired in order. Patterson and Kerwin made singles in the seventh but Bradford failed to score. Sasse reached third on a single and a bunt but Kane failed to score. Bradford scored one in the eighth on a single by Johnson and two-baggers by Hazelton and Smith, Sasse throwing out Johnson at third on Smith's two-bagger. Eichberger opened for Kane with a single but Kane failed to tally. With two out in the ninth, Kerwin started with a single and DeMoss, Troupe and Johnson followed netting three runs. Kane failed to score. Final score, Bradford 5, Kane 2.

The tabulated score follows:

Bradford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
DeMoss, 3d	5	1	1	1	1	0
Troupe, ss	5	1	1	5	2	0
Johnson, lf	5	0	3	2	0	0
Smith, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Hazelton, rf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Harrell, 2nd	4	0	1	4	2	0
Patterson, 1st	3	0	1	9	0	0
Curtis, c	4	0	0	5	1	0
Kirwan, p	4	1	3	0	3	0
Total	39	5	13	27	9	0

Kane	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, lf	4	1	2	1	1	0
Collopy, 2nd	4	0	1	0	5	0
Shields, cf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Eichberger, rf	3	0	3	1	0	0
Curtin	3	0	0	1	1	0
Conan, 1st	3	0	0	15	0	0
Bastian, ss	3	0	0	2	6	0
Urquhart, c	3	0	1	5	1	0
Jarrett, p	3	1	0	0	3	0
Doubles, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	31	2	9	27	17	0

By innings:

Bradford	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	—5
Kane	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Earned runs—Kane 2; Bradford 5.
Two base hits—Smith, Kirwan, Harrell, Hazelton.
Stolen bases—Jonnson, Sasse, Shields, Bastian.
Sacrifice hits—Eichberger, Curtin.
Struck out—by Kirwan 5; by Jarrett 6.
Base on balls—off Kirwan 3; off Jarrett 0.
Double plays—Troupe unassisted.
Hit by pitcher—Patterson.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Dan Bernard.
Attendance—400.

Pleasantly Entertained.

A party to about one hundred guests was given in the K. O. T. M. hall at Crosby on Friday evening, July 27th, in honor of Mrs. T. F. Egan and Miss Katheryn Griffin of Butte, Montana, who are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Griffin of Burbank's Crossing.

The hall was tastily decorated with foliage and flowers and brilliantly lighted, which made a most picturesque scene. Music was furnished by the Crosby orchestra. Albert Egan, son of Mrs. Egan, who is a skilled violinist, treated the assemblage to several choice selections. The clog dancing by Wm. Carr was clever and most heartily enjoyed.

About 12 o'clock all were invited to the dining room where a most sumptuous spread had been prepared. The tables were decorated with daisies and ferns, and the most delicate things of the season were abundantly served. It was not until the wee sma' hours that the party broke up, all carrying with them pleasant memories of an evening well spent.

Among the out-of-town guests present were: Mr and Mrs. C. E. McDade of Buffalo, Mrs. H. H. Gallup and T. M. Madison of Norwich, Miss Esther Berg of New York City, Mrs. M. L. Pearson of Mt. Jewett and others.

Death of Edward Tanner.

Edward Tanner died at his home in Keating township, about three miles east of this borough, last Thursday evening, the cause of his death being stomach trouble. He was aged about 68 years.

The deceased was born in Germany and came to this country with his family about 38 years ago, settling on the farm on which he resided up to the time of his death. He was a hard working man and, by careful management, paid for his farm, reared a family of children and accumulated a considerable sum of money. He was of the sturdy, honest German stock and a man whose word was as good as his bond. He was strictly honest in all his business deals, a kind husband, father and neighbor, and a man who had a great many friends in this section who will sincerely mourn his death.

He is survived by an aged wife, three daughters, Mrs. Simon Martin, Mrs. John Morrison and Mrs. Bela Furman, and three sons, Carl, August and William.

The funeral was held from the family home, Rev. Smith officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in the Smith cemetery on Sunday.

Narrow Gauge Railroad Sold.

The Bradford Era of Saturday says: The report that the B. R. & P. had purchased a portion of the B., B. & K. was confirmed by R. S. Bullis, general passenger agent of the latter road, Friday evening. Mr. Bullis informed the Era that the change would become operative on September 1. The line from Mt. Jewett to Kane will be continued as before and trains on it will be run so as to connect with the B. R. & P. trains.

The B. B. & K. people sold none of their equipment. Two crossovers—one at Mt. Jewett Junction and another a short distance south of this city, will be taken out. This will do away with the necessity of stopping fast B. R. & P. trains at these points.

As to the future plans of the B. B. & K., Mr. Bullis said that the company would soon issue a statement to the public giving an outline of the new schedule between Mt. Jewett and Kane, as well as other information of interest. The new "Y" being built at Mt. Jewett is rapidly nearing completion.

Station at McKeans Burglarized.

The B., B. & K. and Kushequa Route railroad station located at McKeans was robbed last Thursday night or Friday morning, and as yet there is no clue as to who the guilty parties are.

They gained an entrance through a window and opened a door and carried the small safe up the tracks some distance where it was broken and the contents removed. The plunder was not large, there only being a little small change and a quantity of pennies in the safe. The safe was a small affair which could easily be carried by two men.

Besides the contents of the safe the burglars took twelve pairs of ladies' shoes and nine pairs of men's shoes and a few bottles of beer that were in the station. Three pairs of men's shoes were left.

Agent W. P. Walsh says the burglars were evidently not very heavy boosers as there were several cases of a favorite brew there and less than a half dozen bottles taken. He is of the opinion that the job was done by local talent and a sharp watch is being kept for evidence.

P., S. & N. R. R. Extensions.

That the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern railroad is to develop into one of the most important railroads in this section of the state and that the development will be rapid from this time forward is evidenced by the manner in which the road is making improvements and extensions to their system. In the past the road has been referred to as one that started no place and went no place, but if there is any truth in the many railroad rumors that are current it is altogether probable that the Shawmut will have both a Pittsburg and Buffalo entrance in the near future.

From a source the authority of which cannot be doubted it is learned that the Shawmut will have trains running into Buffalo this fall and that the entrance into Pittsburg will be reached within the coming year.

The Buffalo and Susquehanna, the Goodyear railroad which was recently built into DuBois, is completing a line into Buffalo. The line is practically completed, with the exception of a bridge across the Genesee River at Belfast, N. Y., work upon which has been delayed because of a strike among the iron workers of the country. It is expected that this bridge will be completed so trains may be running across it by the middle of August, and the Buffalo and Susquehanna has made arrangements for a schedule of trains from Galeton to Buffalo.

The Buffalo and Susquehanna road crosses the tracks of the Shawmut at Belvidere, N. Y. The arrangement that has been made between the Shawmut and the Buffalo and Susquehanna is for the use of the B. & S. tracks from DuBois to Weedville. From Weedville the train will go over the tracks of the Shawmut to Belvidere, N. Y., and from the latter point the Buffalo and Susquehanna will be used into Buffalo. A train will be run out of Brockwayville to connect with the DuBois Buffalo train at St. Marys, which will give the people of this town and vicinity another railroad to the Bison City.

The above arrangement has been practically completed between the two roads and it will be in effect within three months from this time. The cars to be used on the new train will be the handsome and comfortable cars of the Buffalo and Susquehanna, mention of which was made in the Record several weeks ago. These cars are finely made and furnished by the best of the Pullman equipment so that it will be a real pleasure to take a trip over the Shawmut and Buffalo and Susquehanna to Buffalo.

Of the manner in which the Shawmut is to get into Pittsburg the Post, of that city, had a five column article recently, and later the article was confirmed by one of the officials of the new road to be built. The Shawmut will go into Pittsburg over the tracks of the Pittsburg and Northwestern, which will be built at once and for the building of which $55,000,000 has been raised by Pittsburg and New York banking houses. In addition to trains of the Shawmut, those of four other roads will go into Pittsburg on the new road.

It is reasonable to suppose then that the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern road will be running trains into Buffalo this fall, into Pittsburg within a year and into Rochester within two years.

In the meantime the road is being extended in the direction of the northern terminus of the Pittsburg and Northwestern railroad, and it is expected that by the first of the coming year the Shawmut trains will be running as far as Brookville. The Shawmut is under progressive management and is one of the coming roads of the country.—Brockwayville Record.

Another Steel Range Harvest.

The Potter Journal says: According to reports of sales and prices of steel ranges recently distributed throughout this section, the lightning rod man is outclassed for slick and successful business methods by the steel range agent. Three carloads of the patent cookery have been unloaded at this point at something over $75 per, while local merchants have been nonplussed by the audacity of the suave strangers.

Condersport hardware dealers claim they can sell a better article for half the money—but the people had not been put wise to that fact and buy before they think. Moral: It pays to advertise.

Drowned Saving Wife's Life.

A dispatch from Jamestown, N. Y., dated July 30 says: Frank L. Wing was drowned in a mill pond at Watts Flats last evening while saving his wife from a similar fate. Mrs. Wing fell into the pond and her husband sprang in after her. He held her above water until she was able to catch hold of a limb of a tree and pull herself out. When she looked around her husband had disappeared. Help was summoned and he was soon found, his feet and legs having been forced into the mud by the weight of his wife, where he was held fast until he was drowned.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

FRANK DUNDREA ATTEMPS TO KILL HIMSELF

He Dives Head First Into Cell-Bars Several Times.

RECEIVES SEVERAL SCALP WOUNDS

Was Sick and His Past Deeds Made Him Despondent—Might be Playing for Sympathy

Frank Dundrea, an Italian who is confined in jail here awaiting trial at the October term of court on a charge of robbery, attempted to commit suicide about 3 o'clock Monday afternoon and as a result has several painful scalp wounds.

It is alleged that Dundrea is connected with the "Black Hand" society and that he robbed his countrymen of their hard earnings under threats of dire persecution from this much feared organization of Italians.

Dundrea was arrested early this spring for robbery and gave bail in the sum of $200, which he jumped and went to the old country. He afterwards came back to Franklyn to see his sister and was captured. At the June term of court a true bill was found against him but his case was not reached.

For some days past Dundrea has been ill and it is said that his past has been worrying him. On Monday he got up from his bunk and commenced diving against the steel bars in his cage with the intent of ending his life. After he found that he could not accomplish his purpose he took a club he had in his cell and pounded himself over the head until he was stopped by Turnkey Welch.

Dr. Ostrander was summoned and he found five bad gashes cut on the top of his head and several painful bruises, which were dressed and the patient made as comfortable as possible.

When visited in the corridors of the jail yesterday morning he seemed very penitent over his recent rash actions. And there are many of the opinion that his attempted suicide was more or less of a bluff to gain sympathy instead of the result of a real fit of despondency.

That Watrous "Dream" Well.

The oil well which is being drilled at Watrous, Tioga county, Pa., under the direction of Mrs. Day of Elmira, who dreamed that oil would be found where the well is located, has reached a depth of 4,600 feet. At this depth soft rock was encountered. While the bailer was in the hole the earth caved in, covering up the bailer. It is the intention to resume drilling the well as soon as the bailer is recovered. Thus far oil or gas in paying quantities has not been struck.

Mrs. Edith Day, at her home in Elmira, talked with a reporter regarding the well. Mrs. Day says that the well is being drilled upon her own responsibilities and at a place where she dreamed oil would be found.

The fact that the well has now been drilled to an unusual depth does not discourage her, and, knowing that in isolated cases, oil has been found at a greater depth she is ordering a continuance of the work. She is confident that oil or gas will eventually be found.

Mrs. Day said that she has had other proofs of the genuineness of the manifestations she has at times received, and she is willing to back the ultimate success in this venture with her own money —which she is doing.—Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.

Reduced Fare on P. R. R.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to reduce the maximum one way fares from 8½ and 8 cents to 2½ cents per mile. This action will involve a readjustment of all through fares from the south and owing to the vast amount of work entailed by reason of the change, the new rate of fare will not become operative for some time, probably Nov. 1.

It is assumed that the competing lines which reach New York by way of Cincinnati and Louisville will meet the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s reduction by a readjustment of fares so that all southern passenger traffic, whether by way of Washington, Cincinnati or Louisville, will be on an equal basis.

The company will also on Sept. 1, place on sale 1,000 mile tickets, valid only on its lines east of Pittsburg and Erie, at the flat price of $20. These mileage tickets will be transferable and upon which a deposit of $10 above the regular price is required. It is estimated that 50,000 interchangeable mileage books are presented daily on the various roads, and of this number 65 per cent. are used on the lines of the Pennsylvania.

Notice to Water Consumers.

Water consumers are warned to be careful about wasting the water for the reservoir is again getting low, and careless waste is liable to cause a water famine.

B. T. Carlton, Sec'y.
Smethport Water Co.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

A glance at Smethport in 1832—paper written by Dr. W. Y. McCoy, and read at the celebration of his golden wedding.

The morning of December 13, 1832, fifty years ago to-day, was mild and pleasant. The weather had been cold for some days before, but it had given way to Indian summer. As the morning advanced a thin haze floated lazily over the valley, that softened the rays of an otherwize dazzling sun. One looking out on the expanse might have thought that winter was far away. Very few persons could be seen moving either way, and memory calls up the wide contrast between the quiet of that morning in our town and the stir and activity which we now witness every morning and every day. Smethport with its twenty-five dwellings was not a city then. It could not boast of a mayor and town council, and frequently the constable lived out of town. About ten o'clock in the morning of that day a young man might have been seen issuing from a house on King street, then occupied by John E. Niles, Esq., (now no more) and at the present time by our citizen, Nathaniel W. Abbey. His pantaloons were rolled up half way to his boot tops, for it was very muddy, and Smethport had no sidewalks then; the only walks existing were constructed by those who could afford the luxury of an inch board twelve inches wide extending from the front door to the gate. His destination was the very spot, or very near, where we are now sitting, but not the same house, that having been moved in 1843 to give place to the present structure and to accommodate the domestic animals pertaining to the premises. A short time after his arrival the villagers began to assemble, then those out of town, then those remote, until there were very few families within a radius of ten miles unrepresented on that occasion. Of that assembly who were then adults no more than eight or ten survive and of those survivors all except one or two pertain either by blood or marriage to the Sartwell family. Some came on foot, some on horseback and others in well filled vehicles we now call lumber wagons. No carriages with steel springs were seen at the assembly. The first carriages with those appendages that I ever saw in Smethport came into town and stayed here a week or more was in the summer of 1832, and was driven (no railroads then) from New Haven, Conn., by an attorney named Ciphas I. Dunham, bound for Brookville, Pa. He called it a buggy. I am here reminded of another incident of primitive times. I enjoyed my first sleighride in Smethport in a cutter constructed by myself of two ironwood poles fastened together by means of pins and beams, the superstructure being a crockery crate, donated by my old friend, Hon. Solomon Sartwell, now departed. The young man just alluded to was no other than he who stands before you. It was his wedding day and the lady who stands on my left was the intended bride, who soon after the guests had assembled, indicated her readiness to accept the duties and regulations of the new relation, by presenting herself with her bridesmaid, then Miss—now Mrs. Martha Wright of Port Allegany, the bride being apparelled in white, tastefully decorated for the occasion. The ceremony was pronounced by the now venerable Asa Sartwell, Esq., who has visited our town two or three times of late years. No dancing was permissible on that occasion, as the bride's mother had died three months before.

The bridal tour was deferred until the next morning, when a walk was proposed, and we accordingly set out for an encampment in the woods by the roadside, where what we now call "Bobtown" or "Robertville" is situated. That encampment was inhabited by Mr. John Shongo and his family, consisting of Mr. Shongo, Mrs. Shongo and their daughter, a very pretty Indian girl of about seventeen. A formal introduction was made and we had a very pleasant interview, the host and hostess expressing much gratification at the call on this occasion. It will not be deemed out of place to say that whatever obligations and responsibilities were assumed on that occasion, on the part of the bride, have been most strictly observed. She has been my helper during all these years in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and health, and whatever of success has accompanied my sojourn, a goodly share may be fairly placed to her credit. Many a winter morning when it was necessary for us to make an early start, has she arisen from a warm bed at 5 o'clock, or earlier, made her own fire, and prepared a cup of coffee and its accompaniments to cheer me on my way to some distant settlement, and many a midnight fire has she kept blazing to warm my reception.

Ten children have been given to us, some of whom survive and three are not. Four little grandchildren have gone to live with the angels. And all along in our ripe years we have been soloced, yea largely comforted, with the respectful deference and continued solicitude for our health and happiness manifested by each and all of them, and we have been far from indifferent in observing the fraternal affection and anxious regard that each has manifested toward all of the others, casting a mantle of charity over all their infirmities, and ever ready to help in time of need, and we cherish the hope that the same solicitude and carefulness that have characterized their past history, may accompany them to the last; and we most solemnly invoke the guidance and benediction of Him who is the Father of us all, and who has bountifully blessed us and preserved us, to unitedly assemble around the home fireside. W. Y. M.

Negro Fiend Murders Three.

A dispatch from Canonsburg, Pa., dated July 30 says: Coroner Sipe and Constable Miller drove into Canonsburg this morning with Elmer Dempster, aged nineteen, a negro, whom they arrested and who has twice confessed responsibility for the murder of Mrs. Samuel Pearce and two children and the probable fatal wounding of a third child, during the absence of Samuel Pearce from his home last evening. To the officers Dempster stated the cause of the tragedy was his own brutal treatment of little four-year-old Margaret, whom he admitted he had repeatedly abused in a stable during the past few days. The child told her mother, who took the negro fiend to task. Dempster says she reached for a revolver on the mantle, but that he overpowered her and shot her and then shot each of her children and set fire to the dwelling and fled. Dempster expressed no regrets for the crime. The officers started with the prisoner for the county jail at Washington. Twice the car was stopped by an angry mob and the prisoner and officers were dragged from the car. But for almost a superhuman effort of the officers Dempster would have been torn limb from limb. The angry crowd followed the car almost the entire distance between Canonsburg and Washington, crying for revenge upon the fiend. At Washington another angry throng met the car, bent on summary vengeance but the prisoner was hurried from the car through the court house basement and into the jail. The coroner and deputy suffered severely during their defense of the prisoner. Little three-year-old Robert Pearce has been taken to the general hospital in an effort to save his life. The whole community is wonderfully wrought up over the horrible tragedy.

Headless Man Walked 500 Feet.

A Warren, O., dispatch dated July 27, says: The body of Albert Kennedy was found in a hay field near Mantua, O. The head had been severed from the trunk and it was lying over or 600 feet away from the body.

The evidence tends to show that Kennedy was decapitated by means of a corn knife. That he was murdered no one doubts, as he was known to be very wealthy and to have kept large sums of money in the house and to have carried money around with him. The authorities think they have a clue to the perpetrators of the crime.

The fact of the head being found so far from the body is thought to indicate that the murderers intended to carry the body away and destroy it.

On the other hand Dr. J. C. Jones makes the startling statement that the headless body probably walked or wriggled the distance of 500 feet from where the head was found.

He says that the reflex action of the muscles, excited as they probably were in the struggle with the assassins, could account for the finding of the body so far away from the head.

A Peculiar Accident.

Henry Van Sicklen lost a valuable horse last week in a very peculiar manner. He was drawing in hay, and on top of the load a fork was sticking with handle backward, tines in the hay, pointing forward—just as it would be inserted to pitch off a bunch of hay. As the load went into the barn door the handle stuck, was pressed down, and as the end passed under the door frame it flew forward, knocking over Van Sicklen, then up in the air to top of barn, turning over and over, finally coming down and sticking into the horse's back. The team ran out into the rear yard before they could be halted, and the fork removed. The injury proved fatal, the horse dying within an hour. Mr. Van Sicklen valued the animal at over $200. —Friendship Register.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 28, 1906:

Otto Carlson, Mrs. Ada Confer 2, Henry Elliott, J. E. Emanuel, L. B. Humphrey, Miss Nowry, Miss Caroline A. Nowry, Miss Anna Smith, Miss Ida Swanson, J. G. Wilson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Lindholm Co.

DO YOUR HOSE WEAR WELL?

IF THEY DO WELL AND GOOD IF NOT YOU ARE NOT GETING THE GOOD ONES. TRY A PAIR WITH

"Lewis Hermsdorf Dyes"

STAMPED ON THEM AND YOU WILL HAVE THE BEST HOSE AT THE PRICE THAT YOU CAN BUY.

TRY THIS AND BE CONVINCED.

The Lindholm Co.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH COVERS MOST, WEARS LONGEST

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 2, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Welcome firemen.

—Be on the watch for pickpockets.

—Lawn tennis is again becoming popular in this place.

—The season for trout fishing closed on Tuesday. Did you get your share.

—Read what Redfield has to say in regard to Sherwin-Williams paints this week.

—We go to press early this week in order to give the boys a chance to follow the band.

—Kane vs. Bradford at Kane Field Thursday—first game at 10 a. m., second game at 1:30 p. m.

—Phillip Stravino is preparing to open a grocery store in the building recently vacated by O. B. Dickinson.

—The Potter Journal says that many fish are being killed in that vicinity by the refuse from the tanneries.

—If you leave your home during the convention it will be safest to securely fasten the doors and windows.

—The town is beautifully decorated and all is in readiness for the biggest time in the history of Smethport.

—Smethport ice consumers have to pay just double the price that is charged Bradford ice consumers. Why is it?

—The first dollar Mr. Sage made when a boy he saved. Compound the Sage rate of interest on that dollar for seventy-five years and see how easy it is to get rich.

—An Italian at Prentiss Vale mangled one of his hands this morning by having a shot gun burst.—Eldred Eagle.

—Burdette Dickenson has purchased a soda fountain of Studholme Brothers and Foster Studholme of Olean has been here for the past two days assisting in putting it up.

—Fred Hatch, aged 20 years, was arrested last Saturday on a charge of criminally assaulting Mrs. Emma Grant aged 80 years. At the hearing he was held for the grand jury.

—A square deal and a candid statement of facts is always an advantage to a purchaser—and sellers as well. An illustration of this is found in Monheimer's ad on this page.

—The M. P. A. of Ormsby will hold a dance at the hall at Ormsby on Friday evening, Aug. 10. The price is $1 and as good music has been engaged all who attend can expect a good time.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The junior choir will meet in the parish house on Friday at 6:45 p. m. Friday service at 7:30 p. m.

—Waldo Susse, a Smethport boy who is playing on the Kane ball team, has been made manager of that organization, vice James Collopy resigned. "Babe" is a good ball player and knows the game from start to finish and no doubt will have success as a manager.

—The Erie Dispatch states that the Union Telephone Company is to be one of the component parts of a gigantic combine of the independent telephone companies of the state. In it will be included 800,000 'phones throughout the state, and extensions to every hamlet and cross road will be made. It is intended to spend $6,000,000 for this purpose and to make the [illegible]

—Hon. Thomas Sterrett, president of the Bell company in Pennsylvania. A charter has been applied for in Snyder county and a hearing on the application will be held August 12.

—As yet no sneak thieves or pickpockets have been spotted but these light fingered gentry very often follow firemen's convention and it will be an unusual thing if there are not several here. It is best to be on the lookout for them.

—After twenty-four years' service as president of the Pennsylvania state college, during which time he saw it grow from an ordinary college to the great institution of learning it now is, Dr. George W. Atherton, aged 60 years, died at his home last Wednesday afternoon of a bronchial affection.

—Lynn Hopper of Belmont is suffering with blood poisoning in his right hand as the result of cutting his fore finger on a screw.—Bolivar Breeze. Mr. Hopper is a brother of Webb Hopper of this office and has visited his parents here several times. He has many friends here who wish his speedy recovery.

—The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Saturday, August 4, at 3:30 p. m. in the M. E. chapel. Each superintendent is requested to give a report of all work done in her department during the past year. Officers for the ensuing year will be elected. The members are urged to be in attendance and new members will be cordially welcomed.

—Howard Denning, son of G. A. Denning, had the misfortune to break his arm Monday evening. He was playing around one of the merry-go-rounds and fell over a guy rope. He put his hands out to break the fall and both bones in his left arm, midway between the wrist and elbow, were broken. He is an unfortunate young man, having previously broken the other arm and one of his legs.

—An exchange says that the best and only thoroughly successful curfew ordinance is the one passed by the parents of the boys and girls. It needs nothing but a short executive session without debate to get one passed that will keep fifteen year old youths and misses from parading the streets at unseemly hours. With such an ordinance in force in every home the danger of increasing the number of wayward girls and reckless boys would be reduced far more than could be expected from them.

—M. L. Gahr, fireman on the P., S. & N. local train that gets into Smethport from St. Marys shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning was quite seriously injured Monday morning by the bursting of a glass in a lubricator. Pieces of the glass cut him over and under the eye and one piece struck in the white of the eye, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. Dr. Chadwick dressed the wounds and stated that although he had a narrow escape his injuries are not of a permanent nature.

Thank Them Personally.

An exchange very truthfully remarks: Editors would be the last men on earth to knowingly hurt the feelings of their subscribers or citizens, especially at a time when the dark winged messenger of death has brought sorrow to the home, but it is from the best of motives that attention is called to the custom of publishing "cards of thanks." It is a custom that has outgrown its purpose, if it ever had one. When sickness and death come to your home it is only natural that your friends and neighbors should do what they could to assist you. They would be heathens if they did not. They know from the expression of your face that you are thankful and deeply appreciate all they do, and it is not necessary to rush into print and tell the world that your neighbors were kind when you were in trouble. The reading public has become tired of the old stereotyped "card of thanks." You can express to your friends by a look or word of thankfulness in a more impressive manner than you can in a column of cold type.

Drowned in Tub.

Joseph Monti, aged one year and two months, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monti, whose home is near the Nusbaum Chemical Works, in the West Branch district, was drowned Friday afternoon. The little one, with other children, was playing about the place and while so engaged, wandered to the rear of the house where stood a wash tub filled with water. The child fell into the tub and no person being at hand to rescue it, lost its life.

When the mother, after a time, missed her little boy, a search was instituted and soon the lifeless body of the infant was found where it had fallen. The parents are distracted over the loss of their child.—Bradford Era.

Excursion to Riverhurst on Shawmut

The Hornell Military Band will be the special attraction at Riverhurst Park Sunday next, Aug. 5th. Special excursion via P., S. & N. R. R. Train leaves Smethport 8:12 a. m., fare for the round trip 75c. For further particulars inquire of agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Genl. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
606 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

It pays to attend a good school. Westbrook Academy cannot meet the demand for its stenographers and office help.

Personal Mention.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett is the guest of friends in town.

Miss Katheryn Hussey of DuBois is visiting relatives in town.

Foster Studholme was up from Olean greeting friends this week.

Miss Harriet Fraley returned to her home in Buffalo on Monday.

Dr. Burg Chadwick was a professional visitor in Clermont Tuesday.

Mrs. John Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Dan Bacon of Punxsutawney was the guest of his family here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Camp of Petrolia, Canada, were guests of friends in town this week.

Miss Ethel Healey of Punxsutawney is visiting Miss Katherine Hubbard of King street.

Mrs. Stein and son, Frederick, of Olean are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKean.

Mrs. W. F. Specht and daughter, Miss Edna, were visitors in Bradford last Friday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home Saturday from an extended visit with friends in Tidioute.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen and infant child returned home on Tuesday from a visit to Fredonia, N. Y.,

Miss Bessie Engstrom was the guest of Miss Letha Stull at Farmers Valley for a few days last week.

Allen Morrison who has been spending a week at Chautauqua Lake returned home on Tuesday.

W. S. Palmer, who has been visiting his parents at Friendship, N. Y., returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Agnes McIntyre and son, Francis, of Kane are guests at the home of Mr and Mrs. George Gerritt.

Dr. and Mrs. John K. Tretton of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Miss Elsie Sherer left Wednesday for a visit with friends in Jeannette.

Mrs. M. McAndrews and daughter, Rose, of Bradford were visiting at the home of Fred Abendroth last week.

Miss Amanda Anderson returned home Saturday evening from a two weeks' visit with friends in Olean and Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Park and Mrs. Thos. Camp went to Bradford yesterday. Mrs. Park will undergo treatment at the hospital for some time.

Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of Bradford, Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean and Miss Anna Truman of Brookville are guests of Mrs. E. C. Pierce this week.

Garth Ramsey is entertaining his mother, Mrs. Nina Ramsey of Toledo and grandmother, Mrs. Elvira Eaton of Smethport.—Mt. Jewett News.

Beveridge's Story.

Senator Beveridge now and then tells a good story, and this one is repeated by the Chicago Inter-Ocean as illustrating the ways of a plausable capitalist, who promised much and performed little. An old German farber had nearly lost his daughter by drowning, but the girl was saved by a noble youth who was asked by the grateful father whether his reward should be 100,000 marks or his daughter's hand. With shrewd foresight that both girl and money would eventually come to him, the youth with apparent scorn of wealth, replied:

"I choose your daughter."

"A wise choice," said the old father. "I could not have given you the 100,000 marks, for I am only a poor cobbler; but you shall have the girl, and that gladly. Join hands, dear children, and receive my blessing."

N. P. L. Picnic, August 15th.

On account of the National Protective Legion picnic at Riverhurst Park, Wednesday, August 15th, the P., S. & N. R. R. will send tickets from Smethport to Riverhurst Park at the rate of 75cts for the round trip. Children between the ages of five and twelve years half fare. For full particulars inquire of agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

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IMPROBABLE BUT TRUE

Youths Suits $3.00

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Absolutely nothing the matter with these Suits and worth every cent that we formerly sold them for $6.50 to $13.50, even up to $15. Plain facts are, that they are not quite as stylish as the kind, at presented effected—by some.

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At $3.00 and $5.00

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FRY & COMES.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

AT SPECIAL PRICES

They're the "Buffalo Brand" and taken from our regular stock—not a trashy lot in the lot. These are undermuslins with a reputation for goodness. They satisfy. The trimmings are in lace and embroidery just as your fancy runs. The styles are just as dainty as anyone could wish. We have rather too large a stock—that's the reason for these special prices. Your choice of any piece in window. $1 and $1.25 grades at 78c

HIGHER PRICED GOODS AT CORRESPONDING REDUCTIONS.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

..SPECIAL SALE..

We have on sale this week at special low prices the balance of our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS SHIRT WAIST SUITS SAPARATE SKIRTS ETC.

Also have a limited number of Ladies Tailored Skirts and Summer Coats left which will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Don't neglect this chance of getting good values for little money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

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FOR **Picnic Lunches**

PICKLES (Bottle or Bulk)
OLIVES (Stuffed or Plain)
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TRY OUR WAFERS IN PACKAGES

CHEESE SANDWICHES, 10c
SPONGE LADY FINGERS, 10c
FIG NEWTONS, 10c
NABISCO, 10c
SALTINES, 10 and 15c
VANILLA WAFERS, 10c
ZU ZU, 5c
FESTINO, 25c

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

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THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

By Anita Clay Munoz

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THE Van Houstons were an aristocratic family—people of the world—and as happy as most but for the fact that a family skeleton lodged in their hearts in the memory of an older brother—Peter Van Houston—who had been expelled from college and after running wild for a time had suddenly ended it all by forging his father's name to a check for $5,000, collecting the money and departing for the west.

At that time his father, Hubert Van Houston, was one of the rich men of Wall street. Years before he had buried his first wife, who left him this troublesome son, and had married again, a fashionable widow, who duly presented him with a daughter. This lady comforted him when his boy went away, cared for him through his last illness, wept gently when he died and after a time settled down to enjoy the money her husband had left exclusively to her and their daughter Elizabeth.

Since then time had brought its customary gifts—white hair to Mrs. Van Houston and a husband and children to her daughter, now Mrs. Marmaduke Odell.

One afternoon at about this time their legal adviser, Mr. Clarendon, sat in his office at his desk when the door opened to admit a man of about fifty years of age, who said, "Are you James Clarendon?" "Yes, sir." "Legal adviser for Mrs. Van Houston?" "I am, sir. But what is your business with me?" "I should like to make my will," the man replied. "It's a long story. Have you time to listen?" "Go on." The newcomer leaned forward. "Don't you know me, Mr. Clarendon?" "I do not." He flushed a low, bitter laugh. "Forgotten by every one, I suppose. The never-do-well, the black sheep!" Mr. Clarendon looked at him keenly. "You are not"— "I am—Peter Van Houston!" The lawyer fell back in surprise and dismay. "Well," he said, "and what do you want?" "I desire to make my will. I'll not keep you long," his visitor said dryly. "They say that the way of the transgressor is hard, but I have reason to doubt the truth of that statement, for the stolen money brought me luck from the moment I went to the far west. The great business out there was lassoing wild horses. I became an expert at this and bought and sold until I had accumulated a good sum of money."

"I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE MY WILL."

"Are you married?"

"No. Women have no attraction for me. A little black trunk that I keep under my bed and that holds all my securities is my only love. People call me a miser, and I rather enjoy the name. It means so much," he cried. "and such a sure means of revenge!"

"Revenge. Ah!" The lawyer grew attentive.

"Mr. Clarendon, I acknowledge I did wrong, and I have suffered. An outcast for thirty years, hidden, unknown! And my sister Elizabeth—she is rich and sensitive to disgrace! She would not receive me, for instance?"

"Of course," the lawyer said, "I cannot answer for my clients. As you say, they are proud, but money is often a strong influence."

"Get your papers out, Mr. Clarendon." The man's voice was husky. "Draw up a will for me. Wait." He grew white, put his hand over his heart and gasped. "An attack of the heart! The doctors say I cannot live a year. Draw up the papers, lawyer. I want revenge!"

"You will leave the bulk of your fortune away from your family?" the lawyer queried. Mr. Van Houston appeared to be waiting for strength to continue. "Tomorrow I shall go to my sister's house. I want them to think I am poor. I want to find out if they are cruel enough to live in luxury knowing that the rightful heir is starving in their neighborhood. You alone are to know the truth! My fortune amounts to $1,000,000. In a black iron box in my room are my papers of value. I have decided to dispose of my fortune in this manner—$100,000 to you, Mr. Clarendon, and the bulk to my sister Elizabeth—but with this stipulation: If she or any of them slights me then I leave my fortune to charity."

When Van Houston had gone Mr. Clarendon paced up and down thoughtfully. "If I do not act at once it will be too late," he observed.

That evening when Mrs. Van Houston and her daughter, Mrs. Odell, returned from the opera they found Mr. Clarendon in the reception room.

"I hope this visit is not to tell us that our funds are low," laughed Mrs. Odell.

"I am a poor man, Marmaduke," he said as he took it. "I do not know when I can return it."

"Do not let that worry you, my good fellow," Mr. Odell replied. "Any time will suit me." He shut the door. "How the man tries to catch us!" he exclaimed.

A night a week later Mr. and Mrs. Odell were receiving their friends. The house was ablaze with the glare of many lights. Women in handsome toilets and men immaculate in evening clothes moved about exchanging greetings.

All the pleasure of anticipation of this evening's enjoyment had been spoiled for the hostess by the uncertainty in her mind whether to invite her brother or not. After much talking she decided to run the risk of his accidental coming and resolved that if she got over this night safely to venture on no more public entertainments until Mr. Van Houston's heart trouble had relieved them of his presence. But now she could not keep her eyes from glancing apprehensively toward the doorway. Half past 10 and he had not arrived! She was certain now that he would not come and began to talk briskly until suddenly she felt the unwelcome touch of a cold, clammy hand on her bare arm. Peter was at her side, saying slowly: "Good evening, Elizabeth. Having a party? I am just in time!"

"Why, Peter! I am glad to see you," Mrs. Odell stalled, but her voice trembled.

Mrs. Van Houston instinctively crossed over to her daughter's side and extended her hand to her stepson with well feigned cordiality. "Would you

"WHY, PETER! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

like to join Marmaduke in the smoking room or would you prefer to meet some of our friends?" she inquired. With cruel and deliberate slowness he said, "Elizabeth's and your friends are my friends, mother, so I would be glad to know them." His stepmother slipped her hand through his arm, saying, with a nervous laugh, "Ah, here is Mr. Clarendon," as the lawyer crossed over the threshold. "You must meet the family adviser, Peter. Mr. Clarendon, this is Peter Van Houston."

"Glad to see you back, sir," Mr. Clarendon said genially.

The next day Mrs. Odell was ill in bed. Peter's way of claiming every one's attention, with lamentations over his poverty, was maddening to his mother and sister, and the fear that he would resent the slight of not having been invited added to their discomfort.

It was just before Lent when Mr. Van Houston came home. All through this season the family lived quietly. As he saw more of his newly found family Mr. Van Houston appeared to get on with them better. He would sit for hours at a time with his brother-in-law, smoking one after another of his best cigars, and no matter how stringent the money market was or what bills were pressing Peter did not scruple to ask Mr. Odell for loans of money. Through the summer he visited them at their country place, turning up at odd times, usually when Mr. Odell and he alone were there, but to tell you a bit of news. I have business of a private nature to communicate to you, Mrs. Odell. Peter Van Houston was in my office today."

Both women uttered sharp exclamations; the younger shivered. "I hoped he was dead," she said.

"Will he sue for his share in his father's estate?" cried Mrs. Van Houston. "Oh, what a blow! Elizabeth, we will not receive him!"

"I always expected it!" Mrs. Odell said. "And now this awful news is brought to us! I shall refuse to see him!"

The lawyer, instructing the ladies to secrecy, told them of Mr. Van Houston's will and the conditions imposed and later took his departure.

"Peter evidently inherited his father's talent for money getting," Mrs. Van Houston observed. "Thank fortune, he can live but a year longer. Peter as a young man was extremely tiresome."

"Never mind, mother," Mrs. Odell cried. "I am going to get that money. Ah, the front door! Marmaduke," she called out, "news!" Her husband, a fastidious looking man, entered the room.

The next day Peter Van Houston presented himself at his sister's house. Mrs. Van Houston and her daughter received him.

"We are so surprised!" said the older woman, extending her hand cordially.

"Only the bad penny turning up again," her stepson answered. "I've had a hard life, mother. For years, rather than return to my family penniless, I have lived by doing odd jobs here and there, but at last ill health and poverty drove me home."

They asked him to remain to dinner, and he accepted the invitation.

Later in the evening, as Mr. Odell was showing him to the door, Mr. Van Houston surprised him by asking for the loan of $50.

"I am a poor man, Marmaduke," he said as he took it. "I do not know when I can return it."

"Do not let that worry you, my good fellow," Mr. Odell replied. "Any time will suit me." He shut the door. "How the man tries to catch us!" he exclaimed.

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This is how it happened:

One morning he sent for Mr. Clarendon, stating he was ill.

The lawyer made haste to reach Mr. Van Houston's bedside. Away at the

THE MAN THEN CEASED TO BREATHE.

top of the house in a small hall bedroom Mr. Clarendon found Van Houston stretched on a pallet in the corner, weak, gasping, dying.

The lawyer's quick eye caught a glimpse of the black iron box under the bed.

The sick man smiled sarcastically.

"Well, I guess I'm done for," he whispered. "The folks can take—a little—comfort—now."

Clarendon took his hand. "My dear friend," he said sadly, "Any parting messages to your family?"

Peter had to struggle for strength to say, "No fortune."

The startled lawyer lowered his head to catch the whispered words.

"A scheme—for—revenge." The man then ceased to breathe.

With something cold clutching at his heart, Mr. Clarendon hastily lifted out the black box and raised the lid. He discovered some soiled collars, a few worn out neckties and a new pair of shoes. In the small, bare room there was nothing else that could hold or conceal anything. The lawyer, stunned and dazed, walked down the staircase and out of the house without a backward glance.

Outside the fall day had grown grayer. The wind had risen, raw and bleak. Mr. Clarendon felt cold and proceeded on his way shiveringly.

The news of the death of Mr. Van Houston had preceded him, so later when he presented himself at the residence of the deceased man's family he found them all assembled in the drawing room. Lurking under looks of decorous mournfulness, the lawyer could detect expressions on their countenances of relief and exultant joy. Mr. Clarendon had put off the telling of those unpleasant tidings as long as he could, and now that the disagreeable duty was fully upon him he hardly knew how to proceed.

"I am the bearer of very, very bad news," he began solemnly.

Mr. Odell approached him.

"Of course, Clarendon, you immediately secured possession of the black iron box? And you have the will?"

"I am not good at breaking bad news gently,"—the lawyer paced up and down the rooms nervously—"or prolonging suspense. The truth is that I did not secure the black iron box because it contained nothing but trash, and the will is not worth the paper upon which it is written. Your brother, Mrs. Odell, died absolutely penniless."

They turned blanched, startled faces toward him, and no one spoke. Then their son Hubert broke the silence with a sharp laugh.

"A cool hand, by thunder! Fooled the lot of us, including the lawyer!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Marmaduke Odell, fairly shaking from shock and chagrin. "It can't be true! Why, man," approaching Mr. Clarendon desperately, "think of my cigars and the money I loaned him! Am I to have nothing in return?"

"It is all terrible, of course," Mr. Clarendon assented gravely. "And what adds to the misfortune is that you, being the next of kin, will have to defray the expenses of burial."

Mr. Odell shook his head and groaned aloud.

"We have been deceived, tricked and cheated!" his wife shrieked. "I shall go mad thinking of it! Such fools as we have been!" She wrung her hands in an agony of suffering.

Equally distressed, Mrs. Van Houston rose from her chair and, throwing out her arm tragically, exclaimed in angry tones, "Peter Van Houston was always a ne'er-do-well, a black sheep, a disgrace! And he died one!"

And while his family alternately stormed, raged and wept, the dead man lay rigid on his pallet in his little room, a smile of peaceful satisfaction adorning his white, set features.

The Peril of It.

A lady at whose house Leigh Hunt was dining solicitously said to him at dessert:

"Don't you ever venture on an orange?"

"I should be delighted to do so, my dear madam," the poet replied, "but I'm so afraid I should fumble off."

His Previous Existence.

Guthers—Look here, Zapfer, do you believe in the transmigration of souls? Zapfer—No. Do you? Guthers—Most certainly I do, and I am thoroughly convinced that I was an ass at the time I lent you that ten pound note.—London Telegraph.

Postmortem.

Friend of the Family—Your rich old uncle died of softening of the brain, I hear. Ardluck (who got nothing)—Softening of your granny! He died of ossification of the heart.—Chicago Tribune.

THE EVIL EYE.

Shakespeare's Veiled Allusions to It in "Richard III."

There are several passages in Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." which, taken in connection with an ancient superstition rife in the England of Elizabeth—indeed, still flourishing in many parts of the continent and even lingering here and there in our own land yet—seem to indicate a probability that the dramatist meant us to understand that Richard, as conceived by him, possessed the power of "fascination" through the evil eye. It is true that Shakespeare does not say this in so many words, but the fact of the prevalence of the belief in the evil eye in his day would render it unnecessary for him to do more than hint at or suggest it, and a far stronger argument in explanation of his not making the statement direct would be found in the common persuasion that attaches to so many folklore superstitions that it is dangerous to mention supernatural or uncanny things by name. We are not obliged to assume in consequence of this that Shakespeare himself believed in the evil eye, and for the present purpose it does not matter whether he did or not, but we do know, as he knew, that most of those who formed his audiences believed in it. For his ends the notion would have a striking dramatic value, and it would also help to explain the extraordinary way in which Richard "fascinated" first Ann and then Elizabeth immediately after having wrought them serious injury.

To turn to the passages in question, in I. ii. 45 (Globe text) Ann Nevil says with reference to Gloucester, "Mortal eyes cannot endure the devil." The word "devil" here would have in this case not a general, but a special appropriateness, since possessors of the evil eye were supposed to have acquired that mischievous organ, with its powers of bewitchment, through a compact with Satan. I. ii. 78, contains the word "infection," applied by Ann to Gloucester, a term regularly used of the evil eye. In I. ii. 99, we find the phrase "devilish slave" used to Gloucester by Ann. This, viewed in the light of the other passages we are dealing with, may allude to Gloucester's pact with the devil, whereby he became his agent or "hell's factor to buy souls" (VI. iv, 72), in pursuit of which business the evil eye bestowed on him by Satan would be invaluable in attracting and "fascinating" customers. Again, in I. ii. 144, Ann spits at Gloucester. It is needless to remark that from the earliest times in all ages and among all peoples one of the commonest antidotes to "fascination" (the technical term for the action of the evil eye or other evils was despiere malum. In I. ii. 145 we have the accusation again hurled at Gloucester by Ann: "Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes." In I. iii. 225, we find another accuser in Queen Margaret, who, to Gloucester, says, "That deadly eye of thine." In IV. i. 56, the Duchess of York, his mother, chimes in as a third accuser with the words addressed to herself in reproach for having brought into the world such a monster as Richard, "A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, whose murdering eye is murderous." The beliefs about the fatal glance of the cockatrice are too well known to enter into and are in themselves outside the scope of this note, but it should not be forgotten that this beast also "infected" the air around it.—Notes and Queries.

A Mountain Humorist.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin clay bank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the clay bank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the northerner.

"Howdy," remarked the southerner languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them thet likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.—Reader.

In Hard Luck.

One man had just told the story involving a suggestion to the conductor of a slow train to take the cowcatcher off the locomotive and attach it to the rear of the train, on the theory that the train couldn't possibly run over a cow and that a cow might stray into the rear door of the last coach and bite the passengers if not restrained by a cowcatcher.

"I saw a man run down by a locomotive once," said a melancholy stranger. "It was on the road from Carbondale to Seigel. At Hickland one man decided to get off the train and walk. He had proceeded about fifteen miles when the train overtook him. He was knocked down, and the train, in a leisurely sort of fashion, proceeded to run over him. The man spoke a few words and expressed the wish that $5,000 accident insurance that he carried be given to his sweetheart. But the poor girl never got the money. Before the engine got up to the man's knees rheumatism set in, and the poor fellow died a natural death. It being an accident policy, the girl couldn't collect the money."—Kansas City Star.

The Usual Way.

"What's the cause of the coolness between the Bilkins and the Pilkins families?"

"Young Bilkins became engaged to one of the Pilkins girls."

"Yes."

"And now each family thinks its the prize getting all the worst of it."

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Quick Wit and Daring Ruse of a Russian Revolutionist.

Nowhere outside of the pages of fiction would we expect such an incident as the following from the personal story of the Russian revolutionist Narodny. Narodny had just jumped from a window to escape the police. "When I scrambled to my feet I discovered myself in the yard and among half a dozen soldiers. I was without overcoat and hat—a very suspicious figure—and, having neither, I could not escape even could I get by the soldiers who surrounded me," he said.

"I jerked a card from my pocket—to this day I do not know what it was—and handed it to one of the soldiers. 'Here is my card,' I said rapidly. 'I am a member of the secret police. One of these revolutionists is trying to escape. I am after him. Quick! Give me your coat and hat!'

"He automatically obeyed. I slipped on his coat and hat and to all appearances was a soldier of the czar. I walked past the guarded gate of the yard, out into the street. Before me were thousands of soldiers. I saw my friends being brought down from the hall and put into the black vans, about which stood guards of Cossacks. I marched through my friends full of that group are in prison today save only myself and the friend who escaped with me; with the air of a soldier on a very important message and pressed on through the mass of other soldiers that filled the street."—American Magazine.

BARBER SURGEONS.

When the Razor and the Scalpel Were Linked In One Trade.

More than 400 years old is the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. At the time it was founded the surgeons and barbers of the city were united as one of the fourteen incorporated trades of Edinburgh. On July 1, 1505, they received their charter from the town council. The charter of the barber surgeons was confirmed by James IV., an early Stuart king of great enlightenment and accomplishment, who took much interest in the progress of the surgeons on account of the needs of his army in time of war.

In the charter leave was given to the incorporation to control the medical education of the city, such as it was in those days; of bloodletting, to have the sole right of practice and to put down quacks. They were to get every year the body of a criminal who had been executed to practice anatomy on, and they promised in return to do "suffrage for his soul." Of the first 17 members of the incorporation six were surgeons to the kings of Scotland.

As society improved and medical science developed the gulf between the surgeons and barbers widened, and in 1772, as the result of a process in the court of session, the connection was finally terminated. The deacon, or president, of the incorporation of surgeons was for more than 320 years a member of the town council of Edinburgh, ex officio, and several of the deacons were members of the Scottish parliament.

February Legends.

Why February has twenty-eight days is explained in the legends of the past. One is of an old woman, who, tending her flock, ridiculed the month of February because he had dealt so leniently with her and her sheep. Then February felt insulted and made leap year and borrowed a cold day from March and froze her and her flock. There is a Norman legend which makes it out that February had originally as many days as the other months, but February was a confirmed gambler and lost at domino a day both to January and to March. Strange to say, there is an old story of Egypt, wherein the god of February plays forfeits with the moon and loses certain days.

Not Wholly Ignorant.

An applicant for a position in the public works department in a certain city was undergoing a civil service examination. With a view to testing his knowledge of history the examining officer asked him what he knew of the Punic wars.

"The name sounds familiar," said the applicant, "but I can't just remember when it was or where it happened."

"Don't you know anything about Scipio?"

"No, sir."

"Surely you have heard about Hannibal?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about Hannibal. That's where Mark Twain used to live."

The "Bere" of 1542.

It is curious to find in a "Dyetary" of 1542 the information that "bere is made of malte, of hopps and water. It is a naturall drynke for a Dutcheman. And now of late dayes it is moche used in Englande to the detryment of many Englisshe men." The author was speaking of "beer," the then new liquor distinguished from "ale" by being hopped. In this sense a seventeenth century rhymer says that "turkey, carps, hops, piccadel and beer came into England all in one year," "piccadel" being a kind of ruff or collar.

In Doubt.

Ethel (who is not famous for her good looks)—I don't see why you should call Miss Whitmore plain. I'm sure I only wish I were half as good looking as she is. Fred—You are, Ethel; you know you are. (And Ethel is wondering whether he meant to compliment her.)

Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary shews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

Know She Was Pretty.

Lillie (to visitor)—Don't you think that I look just like my mamma? Mother—Hush, child! Don't be vain!

A little oil rubbed on the stub end of a pen will prevent its rusting in the

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"Favorite Prescription," too, is the only medicine for women, all the ingredients of which have the unqualified endorsement of the leading medical writers of the several schools of practice, recommending them for the cure of the diseases for which the "Prescription" is advised. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a *free* booklet, and read the numerous extracts from standard medical authorities praising the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are made, and don't forget that no other medicines put up for sale through druggists for domestic use can show any such *professional* endorsement. This, of itself, is of far more weight and importance than any amount of so-called "testimonials" so conspicuously flaunted before the public, in favor of the alcoholic compounds.

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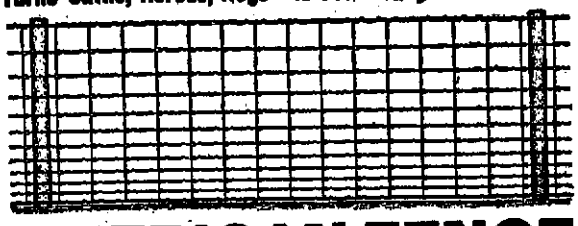

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 2, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Edinboro students are trained to self exertion, self control control, self reliance. Fall term begins Sept. 11th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—A neat and substantial granite monument has just been placed in the Moody cemetery on the lo tof Mrs. L. S. Beebe to the memory of her husband. Foley Bros. of Olean furnished the work.

—Clarion State Normal School, Clarion, Pa. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Opens September 4. Fine music department. Expenses low. Write for catalogue and illustrated matter by writing to George Becht, principal.

—Gustave Guinther, a farmer who lived near St. Marys, was killed on Monday of last week while blowing out a stump. He lighted the fuse and before he got safely away the dynamite exploded. His face was entirely blown off and his chest badly mutilated. He was a German, 56 years of age and had lived in this county 53 years. Before moving to St. Marys he was a resident of Clermont.

—James Phoenix of Sartwell Creek succeeded in taking his life last Friday afternoon. Some time ago Phoenix took carbolic acid but medical aid saved his life and in the second attempt, in which he used a revolver which he had taken from the pocket of his brother-in-law, Thomas Yeutzer. Phoenix was found in the woods near his home with two bullet holes in his breast. Poor health is the cause of his rash act. He leaves a wife and three children. The funeral was held Monday at Sartwell Creek.—Port Allegany Argus.

—No town will become a good business center so long as its business men rely on a few merchants to make the effort to bring trade to town. Too often the men in a few lines of trade are about the only ones that reach out after custom. Other merchants wait until these men induce the people to come to town and content themselves with trade that naturally drifts to their place. A public spirited man should ask himself if he is doing his part to attract people to town thereby in helping the entire business community, and no town is a success unless all lines are working to extend the trade as far as possible and trying to bring a large territory in the circle in which the town is the business center.

An Oddity In Building.

"If you want to see an oddity," an undertaker said, "go to a cemetery and note how in the erection of old fashioned tombs they lower into place the marble slabs. These marble slabs are not lowered by means of a derrick. They are lowered by hand. The work is so delicate, you see, and it is so necessary not to chip the edges of the stones that only hand work answers. You wonder I suppose, how the men avoid pinching or crushing their fingers as they lower a great slab of marble on to its marble base. Well, they accomplish this by lowering the stone upon heaps of sugar arranged in orderly lines, and then they gradually dissolve the sugar by squirting water over it. All the huge, flat stones of old fashioned tombs or vaults are lowered by hand on to heaps of sugar."

The Beauty of the Snowflake.

The thin snow now driving from the north and lodging on my coat consists of those beautiful star crystals, thin and partly transparent. They are about one-tenth of an inch in diameter, perfect little wheels with six spokes, without a tire, or, rather, with six perfect little leaflets, fernlike, with a distinct, straight, slender midrib raying from the center. On each side of each midrib there is a transparent, thin blade with a crenate edge. How full of the creative genius is the air in which these are generated! I should hardly admire more if real stars fell and lodged on my coat. Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity, so that not a snowflake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse, neither dewdrops nor snowflakes.—Henry D. Thoreau.

I Love You.

A Danish paper compares "I love you" in many languages. Here are some of them—the Danish paper is our only authority for their correctness: The Chinaman says, "Uo ngai ni;" the Armenian, "Ge sirem ez hez;" the Arabian, very shortly, "Nehabeeck;" the Egyptian, similarly, "N'achkeh;" the Turk, "Sisi sevejorum," and the Hindoo, "Main tym ko pjar karyn." But overwhelming is the declaration of love of an Eskimo, who tries to win the chosen one by the pleasing sound of the dainty little word: "Univfigasaerutdiuinaleriimajungnarsigujak."

The Checkerboard Town.

Improvements, as St. Paul said of science, is often "falsely so called." If the real estate men would but forget the checkerboard idea in laying out a new town and would take a good landscape gardener into their confidence and the contour of the land into their consideration, and then, with scorn, ugly rectangles, blocks, etc., be shed—Country Life In

Overturned Boats.

"When a small boat capsizes," said an old river man, "the occupants should not try to climb aboard, but should lightly cling to it until help comes. Even a light canoe will in all probability sustain their weight until assistance arrives if they will only cling as lightly to its overturned sides as possible, allowing the body to float in the water, which it will do, and not under any circumstances to attempt to bear down upon the canoe or to crawl upon the overturned bottom.

"This is where the fatal mistake occurs in nearly all boating drowning accidents. A single man with a good sized plank in the water can in his struggles and efforts to save himself push the plank beneath the surface of the water and drown then and there, whereas the same plank will support the weight of three men who are well rested and cool enough merely to grasp its edges with as little downward pressure as possible. A single oar has saved many a sailor's life in this manner, which a landsman would grasp, push it down in the water and go down with it.—Washington Star.

The Guessing Cook.

"I'd give a dollar," said the man who coddles his stomach, "to find a cook who doesn't measure. There used to be plenty of them. I remember the time when half the kitchens in the land gloried in a guesswork cook. Eating was a pleasure in those days. It isn't so now. In these whirligig times everything has a machine made taste. That is because the cooks measure so much. Instead of trusting to inspiration, as the heaven born cook is bound to do, the kitchen queens of today measure even the salt they put in the porridge. No wonder such cookery lacks individuality and is all on the same dead level of mediocrity. Merciful heavens, what ails these biscuits? They're heavy as lead."

"I think the cook made a mistake," said the man's wife. "I got a new one yesterday—one that doesn't measure. I am afraid she didn't put enough baking powder in the biscuits."—New York Sun.

The Meaning of "Bridge."

The story goes that years ago, long before bridge was known in London clubs, two families who played the game under the name of "Russian whist" were living in adjoining houses at or near Great Ealy in Leicestershire. The only road of communication lay over a somewhat dangerous ford. It was a frequent occurrence for the departing guests to say to their hosts: "Thank goodness, it is your 'bridge' tomorrow," meaning that the other party would have to cross the dangerous bridge the next night; hence is said to have arisen the title of "bridge." We give this story for what it is worth, but in our own mind we have little doubt that the modern name of "bridge" is merely a very easy corruption of the old title of "biritch." The two words "biritch" and "bridge" have absolutely the same sound when spoken quickly, so that it is easy to imagine how the change came to pass.—London Saturday Review.

The Deer's Tracks.

A deer if walking always places its feet firmly closed upon the ground, and consequently the track is sharply drawn—that is, the hoof is not spread to any appreciable extent. Exceptions are sometimes the track of deer that are heavy with fawns, during spring and early summer, and those of old bucks during the rutting season. But even then the heels of their tracks are considerably closer than in tracks made by a hog or a sheep. The hoofs of the latter two animals are always rounder at the toe than those of deer, making the tracks they leave easily distinguishable, and if the difference is not discernible in frozen snow the fact that the trail made by hogs or sheep does not register should settle all doubts for the tracker. A deer if not wounded will always step with its hind foot in the track made by the front foot.—Field and Stream.

Some Puritan Names.

One of the customs practiced by our Puritan forefathers was that of inflicting ludicrous and terrifying names upon their children. One Puritan damsel, when asked her baptismal name, answered, "Through-Much-Tribulation-We-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven, but for short they call me Tribby." Another unfortunate maiden bore the name The-Gift-of-God Stringer. A sickly boy was christened Faint-Not Hewitt. Another labored under Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White. A little girl who had a propensity for crying was at the age of eight christened Weep-Not Billing. There also were Thunder Goldsmith, The-Work-of-God Farmer, Search-the-Scriptures Morton, Be-Courteous Cole and, worst of all, Kill-Sin Pimple.

The Way He Viewed It.

"Good news!" cried the lawyer, waving a paper above his head. "I've secured a reprieve for you!"

"A reprieve?" replied the convicted murderer indifferently.

"Why, yes. Don't you see you ought to be happy"—

"Ah," replied the prisoner gloomily, "that simply means a delay, and I've always been taught that delays are dangerous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Lava Lake of Hawaii.

One of the large volcanoes in Hawaii has a large lake of liquid lava in its crater or hollow. This seething, boiling mass looks like redhot bottle glass to the naked eye, but under the microscope pieces of the original rocks of very minute size may be detected. Where it has cooled in curious festoons along the "coast" it resembles slag from some mammoth furnace.

The Cantankerous Member.

Elder Keepalong—When we hear of these terrible calamities happening in other parts of the world, deacon, we ought to be exceedingly thankful that our lot is cast in a favored land.

Deacon Ironside—On the contrary, elder, I feel like resenting it. What right have we to be like to know, of the latter all that other people—Chicago Tribune.

Montaigne and Marriage.

Montaigne went toward marriage with the quality of cheerful alacrity which would have inspired a journey to the whipping post. "Might I have had my own will," he tells us, "I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me." No quaintest piece of polite literature can be found than the letter which our philosopher addressed to his wife as a kind of necessary compliment on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. And the alacrity with which he relegates to Plutarch the task of consoling her in her affliction testifies to the entire consistency of his habitual claim that the dignity of marriage is best subserved when a husband refrains from becoming too fond of his wife. Even in view of this consideration, however, such a brief and refrigerated epistle suggests an amazing degree of reticence in a writer who needs only the turning of a faucet to enable him to pour forth a quenchless stream of ideas on any and every subject from thumbs to immortality.—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

A Strange Feast.

A curious feast is observed by the Mohammedan inhabitants of India, in which the origin of the custom known as painting the town red may possibly be traced. It is called the Holi and consists chiefly in the plentiful sprinkling upon all and sundry of a certain red preparation called holi powder. It stains the white clothes of the natives with an ugly, dirty looking red that conjures up before timid eyes dread visions of bloody fights and ghastly mutilnies. The powder is made in two shades—the one vermilion, the other rose red—and both are used impartially by the observers of the ceremony, who delight in bedaubing their faces with the powders until they look like strange and hideous denizens of hades come up, still glowing with the fires of that region. Among the better classes this festival is falling into disfavor, for it leads to many unpleasant excesses and had its origin in some decidedly dissipated scene in ancient heathen history.

Gladstone as a "Super."

A reference to "The Corsican Brothers" recalls an amusing story of Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Lyceum when Irving was playing in this drama. Mr. Gladstone at the time was not burdened by the cares of office, and one evening he dropped in at the Lyceum, where he was occasionally accommodated with a chair at the "wings." On this night, however, when the stage was set for the opera hall in "The Corsican Brothers" his curiosity led him into one of the boxes for spectators in the scene. Up went the curtain; Mr. Gladstone was at once descried by the pit and greeted with shouts of joy which caused him hastily to withdraw. "This," says Mr. Austin, "was his first and only appearance in the drama outside of the dear old 'legitimate' at Westminster."—Westminster Gazette.

The Wife's Reproach.

In an address to a temperance society a lecturer told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier. In the course of the sad story he said:

"Sometimes, after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises. And one night, when he was getting to be an old man, a prematurely old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red rimmed eyes, he said to his wife sadly:

"'You're a clever woman, Jenny, a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear.'

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he had once been, she answered in a quiet voice:

"'I did, James.'"

A Peculiarity of the Crow.

Most birds cannot carry anything which their mouths are too small to contain. The crow is an exception at times. In Vermont, near Manchester, five crows were seen to come down into an apple orchard. They came daily and after a time the owner discovered that they were taking apples from a tree bearing the mellowest fruit. Each crow jammed its closed bill into an apple, raised its head and flew to a tall pine tree, where the fruit was eaten. More remarkable still is the fact that crows will sometimes carry turkey and hen eggs from a nest in the same manner.

Proper Kind of Window.

Every window in a house should be as high as the ceiling, but a paneled top that can be opened in the summer and closed in the winter. If ceilings were only six feet high and every occupant of a house stood seventy inches the accumulation of fetid odors against the ceiling would soon kill.

Wouldn't Be Low.

"I understand that Mrs. De Style is a great stickler for having everything of the most exclusive kind."

"Yes; she discharged her doctor because he told her that her temperature was too low."—Exchange.

Learning.

Learning hath its infancy, when it is almost childish; then its youth, when luxurious and juvenile; then its strength of years, when solid, and, lastly, its old age, when dry and exhaust.—Bacon.

Made a Bad Job of It.

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening is a self made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.

Not Much Doin'.

Simkins—Old Skinner is considered pretty well to do, isn't he? Timkins—Yes; also pretty hard to do.—Chicago News.

An Instance.

Hewitt—I was once kicked by a donkey. Jewett—We often hear of people kicking themselves.—New York Press.

It Generally Cures.

Jones—What's good for the toothache? Brown—Walk about halfway to the dentist's.

Send Down Grace.

A little Portland miss, whose first name is Grace, had never attended church, being too little and too lively to be trusted there, according to the Kennebec Journal. But at last her mother permitted her to accompany an elder sister, giving her grave warnings beforehand. The rector of the church was a frequent caller at Grace's home, and her mother feared that on this account she might take liberties.

"You must sit still," she said, "and you must not say one word," but let Mr. Hammond do the talking. Now, remember."

Gracie behaved very well in meeting. As soon as she reached home she reported:

"Oh, mamma, I did keep still—real still, and when Mr. Hammond called me right out in meeting I never stirred to go to him."

"Called you? Why, child, he never called you in meeting."

"Yes, but he did, mamma. He said three or four times, 'Send down Grace,' but I sat as still as a mouse."

Up Against It.

"Snobson says he'd rather be alone than in unpleasant company."

"But the worst of his case is, he can't escape even then!"—Detroit Free Press.

Agreed.

The Herr—It is of no use. We must get a separation. The Frau—That is what I say. Isn't it beautiful how we agree?

"DO IT TO-DAY!"

"And to think that ten months ago I looked like this! I owe it to German Syrup."

¶The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. ¶Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. ¶No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. ¶New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

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HARRY L. RACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 2, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN S. STUART
of Philadelphia.

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HENRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

21st DISTRICT.
For Congress
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Cameron county.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
V. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

THE uprisings in Russia still continue and are steadily growing in volume. If something is not done soon to pacify the downtrodden people the government will be overthrown.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY is a clean, intelligent business man, a Buckrail soldier of prominence and will command a large following in the whole district. While we complain of the treatment we received Capt. Barclay is not to wise to blame and the Journal does its best [illegible] —Cherrytree Journal.

[illegible] has replied to [illegible] that Mr. Rockefeller will appear at the proper time to answer the charge preferred [illegible] all [illegible] operations [illegible] and that he makes [illegible] to avoid [illegible] seeming [illegible] summons or subpoena server.

A London insurance company is now issuing policies against damages done by balloons. As the first claim was paid a few days ago for broken glass caused by ballast thrown out of a balloon when close to the ground. The interesting legal question of trespass is already being discussed, some maintaining that real estate title enables the holder to protect himself against the invasion of the air above his property.

IT turns out that Samuel Beerley, the New York express clerk who obtained an award of $5,800,000 of Panama bonds with only the investment of a 2-cent stamp to forward his bid, represented not only himself, but that he has succeeded in disposing of his award to a banking house on terms that would enable him to make good by depositing the cash August 1 and leave him a margin of $15,000 profit.

SHORTLY after the death of Russell Sage it became known that he had left his entire fortune, estimated at $80,000,000, to his wife and nothing whatever to specified charities. This was decidedly not to the satisfaction of the relatives, nephews and nieces of Troy, N. Y., who are to get only $25,000 each. It was said that Mrs. Sage would devote all to charity. A peculiar feature of his burial was the provision he had made that his body should be encased in a steel coffin and his tomb protected by automatic burglar alarms.

A DEPARTURE in Republican party methods has been made by Chairman Sherman in sending out thousands of letters to members of the party in all parts of the country, asking for $1 contributions for the purpose of returning a Republican Congress. While the Republicans say that they were compelled to take this course on account of the hostility of the trusts, they think it will strike a popular chord. This appeal is to be made also through posters and by means of notices in the party press. It is pointed out that if one-half of those who voted for Roosevelt respond they will have a fund of $3,812,215.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"MEXICO for the Mexicans" is the cry of our swarthy and narrow-minded neighbors beyond the Rio Grande. For years the development of Mexico's natural recourses has been progressing largely under American direction and energized by American capital. The Mexicans, lacking the requisite enterprise have left the field open to the Yankees. But a change has come over the situation. Agitators have been at work and have formed an association somewhat similar in its alleged patriotic features as the American Protective Association or the Chinese Boxers. The Mexican "A. P. A.'s" have resolved to drive every foreigner out of Mexico. Warnings have been issued in circulars that have been widely circulated. Among other things the circular contains this: "The principal industries and business of the republic are in the hand of foreigners, principally Americans. The railroads, although they apparently belong to the nation, are the exclusive property of Americans; the Americans direct them. The mining industry is largely controlled by the foreign element, and our nation, heretofore independent, is being made the servant of foreign capital. We are on the border of an abyss, and a great catastrophe menaces us unless we force all foreigners out of the country and give our own people a chance." A great strike of all the working classes in the country is proclaimed for September 16. The entire laboring element now is thoroughly organized, and secret meetings are being held nightly. The laborers have demanded a wage equal to that paid to Americans, and as this has been refused on all railroads and in other lines the Mexican laborer proposes to drive his Gringo rivals from the country. Many Americans already are leaving, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Conductors on the national lines of Mexico known as the merger system, and a Mexican government road, have sent an appeal to the State Department at Washington asking protection from the Mexican "patriots." Thus it will be seen that the Mexicans are in a mood to do some damage. Just what will result is difficult to foresee. But there is one thing quite certain—if those Grensers attempt to carry out their plan of "driving" Americans which the fanatical agitators have devised, Mexico will find all the fighting it may desire. "Teddy" is strong in peace movements but he draws the line between peace that isn't honorable and the right kind of peace.—Bradford Era.

Fusion is Dangerous.

The Lincolnite Philadelphia Press objects to fusion on congressional candidates. On the subject it says:

"That there is certain to be some falling off in the Republican vote this year is all the more reason why there should be unity and hearty co-operation among Republicans in the election of congressmen. It is there that the issues which distinguish the national parties are vital. Those who believe in protection to home industry and who wish to sustain President Roosevelt in his energetic reforming administration, and believe in the policies that the Republican party stands for, will vote for Republican congressmen in November, however, they divide on the issues and candidates of county and state."

The Scranton Tribune believes that the above is pleasing evidence that the Press is beginning to realize the gravity of the situation in Pennsylvania. Last fall when many good Republicans were falling into line to assist in the aggrandizement of "Lid-lifter" Berry, the tools of Democracy loudly proclaimed upon every occasion that the movement would have no effect on national politics. That the only object of the people interested in the success of Berry was the purification of Pennsylvania politics and the rescue of the state treasury, which, according to allegations of the reformers, had been turned over to looters.

The well known fact that Berry found the state treasury full of money and everything about the department in condition that made criticism of Republican management impossible, has proved that the object of the Democrats who had succeeded in hoodwinking so many Republicans voters was not the purification of Pennsylvania. It is now plain to many who could not see it last November that the goal of the free traders was, and still is, the national government.

With the success of Berry as the entering wedge, followed up by the capture of the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania, the Democratic leaders hope to elect a president in 1908 and secure control of the house of representatives.

It will be noted that the wily captains of calamity are seeking fusion only on the head of the ticket. It has been announced that the Lincoln and Democratic state committee have "decided not to fuse on Congressmen." The Democratic leaders well know that the fate of any political ticket generally depends upon the success of the head. They know that if they can defeat the Republican candidate for governor they are almost certain to capture the Pennsylvania congressional delegation.

In view of these facts, it seems strange that any Republican can be persuaded to take the chance of casting a politically mixed ballot.

Let those who believe in the policies the Republican party stands for, vote the straight ticket from top to bottom.

Fusion is dangerous, save for the party that has nothing to lose.

For Sale.

A desirable business place. Situated at Crosby on the Christian Hollow road near P. R. R. station. Plumbed with both water and gas up stairs and in the store room. Containing counters, shelving, money drawers, paper rack, show cases and scales. Complete for business. Total valuation $700, will sell for $600. On account of going back to farm.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. Rubin, Smethport, Pa.

A Perfect Flying Machine.

Gulls are masters in the air. I have watched by the hour birds similar to these following along in the wake of a steamer, but had never before had such chances with a camera. Often they poise, resting apparently motionless on outstretched wing. It is a difficult feat. A small bird can't do it. A sparrow hawk can only poise by the rapid beating of his wings. The gulls seem to hang perfectly still, yet there is never an instant when the wings and tail are not constantly adjusted to meet the different air currents. Just as in shooting the rapids in a canoe, the paddle must be adjusted every moment to meet the different eddies, currents and whirlpools, and it is never the same in two different instants. A gull by the perfect adjustment of its body, without a single flap of the wings, makes headway straight in the teeth of the wind. I have one retain a perfect equilibrium in a stiff breeze, and at the same time reach forward and scratch his ear.—American Magazine.

Kaffir Woman's Courage.

One of the first explorers of the interior of South Africa was William Cotton Oswell, a noted hunter and a friend of Livingstone, to whom he rendered important aid. In his biography the following story is given from one of his African letters: An incident highly creditable to Kaffir womanhood occurred just as we reached Mabotse. The women, as is their custom, were working in the fields, for they hoe and the men sew. A young man, standing by the edge of the bush, was chatting with them. A lioness sprang on him and was carrying him off, when one of the women ran after her, caught her by the tail and was dragged for some little distance. Hampered by the man in her mouth and the woman behind her, she slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back and bit her across the nose and head with a heavy short handled hoe until she dropped her prey and slunk to cover.

The Conductor's Mistake.

A conductor on the St. Louis and Suburban railroad had such a good run of business Sunday afternoon that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many passengers who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations in payment of their fares. The conductor, however, managed to get along fairly well until a woman carrying a tiny infant boarded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a five dollar bill.

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at her baby and made this surprising reply: "Yes; I have been married only twelve months."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Regular Ostriches.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide, "is a real theatrical ostrich house. You will notice the signs on the wall. 'Watch your hat and keep an eye on your umbrella.'"

"Great goodness!" exclaimed the old farmer in the party. "I often hear tell that those actor folks were half starved, but I didn't think they went that far and pawned their hats and umbrellas."—Chicago News.

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Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood
Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.
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ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

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My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

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SMETHPORT, PA.
June 25, 1906.

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THE LEADING TAILOR.

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Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

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DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED
MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.
H. C. WELLS.

The Miracle

By TROY ALLISON

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Esther Blake felt certain that there were positions in life that she would have found less trying than that of only child of a popular minister. She loved the dear old rectory, with its shabby furniture; she had grown up feeling that the beautiful gray stone church with the stained glass windows was part of the family possessions; but, while these things helped make the condition pleasanter, they did not keep her from wanting the things that other girls had and to do the things that other girls did.

Christmas after Christmas her lips had quivered when she had received from one to a dozen handsome Bibles from the friends in her father's congregation. Her mother had a sense of humor, and when Esther on her twentieth birthday received Bible No. 37 she laughed and told her daughter that for Christmas she would buy her an adjustable extension bookcase. There seemed nothing else that she needed quite so much.

The girl's face seemed half divided between a desire to laugh and to cry.

"I don't see why they think I don't want a trinket occasionally—a fan, a bracelet or something a little bit frivolous, mamma," she said. "I have nineteen Madonnas hanging in my room, and I have received at various times a copy of almost every religious picture ever printed. Of course I like them, but I wish I could be considered as a mere girl some time and not a part of St. John's church."

She had as a little girl cheerfully given up the dancing lessons that she wanted. She was never invited to card parties because each and every hostess felt a tiny bit doubtful as to whether it would be suitable to extend such invitation to her.

Even the dinner parties and ice cream festivals had failed to be particularly interesting to her—for if there were a curate or a theological student among the guests she was sure to have him assigned to her. As a schoolgirl she had stolen furtive glances at the college boys who wore their hair long and played football—there was something fascinating in the jolly way they laughed—and she had wished that her hostess would understand that she would like occasionally the girlish frivolity of eating a philopena with a football youth. But they never did understand, and she continued to discuss with curates the last Sunday's sermon or a new plan for decorating the church next Easter.

There had, however, been one glorious period of freedom—she had spent two years at a boarding school, had played basketball as hilariously as any girl on the team, had eaten welsh rarebits, cooked at midnight behind covered transoms and chinked doors, with the same temerity shown by the girls who had lawyers or doctors for fathers.

And, best of all, she had become acquainted with vivacious Elise Bourland, whose mother was French and whose father considered life worth living and the world a jolly place to live in.

Contrary to the idea that like seeks like, the two girls, so different, had formed a fast friendship.

When Dick Bourland, who practiced law in a city neighboring the school, paid his weekly visits to his sister, he pronounced demure little Esther Blake altogether charming. At the close of school he told her so, and, finding that she admitted having exactly the same opinion of him, he had taken the long journey to reach the little South Carolina town and state the case to the rector.

Dick's mother had, upon the announcement of the engagement, written a nice little note and invited the girl to come for a visit that she might get acquainted with her future relatives.

The girl stood in the library by the window watching the rain that had been steadily pouring all the forenoon, puckering her forehead in anxious plannings of the possibilities of the case.

"I really don't see how I can go, mamma," she said finally. "It is impossible for papa to afford it now."

Her mother tapped her pen meditatively against the inkstand and tried to help her plan.

"You get your railway fare at half rate, you know, my dear—that helps some—and you could alter my new gray crape and make it look youthful enough for a calling dress. Then you have your white commencement dress. There's a small foundation, you see, to begin with."

Esther came over and sat on a stool by her mother's knee.

"I can't help wanting his people to think I'm nice—and for him to be proud of me. You understand, don't you, motherkins?"

Mrs. Blake patted her on the back and her eyes grew misty.

"Yes, yes, dearie, I understand perfectly—but I also remember that Dick loved my girl for herself—when she didn't have half the pretty clothes the other girls were able to afford. That's the thing to keep in mind, little daughter."

Esther kissed her impulsively. "You are the best kind of a comforter, mother mine. Come, let's look over the remnants of our wardrobes and see if we can't accomplish some of those wonderful things one reads about on the woman's page—'How to make a handsome evening dress out of an old lace curtain,' or 'a dressing sack out of a silk handkerchief trimmed with your father's old neckties plaited into the edgings.'"

Mrs. Blake laughed and followed her upstairs. They soon had the girl's bed covered with odds and ends ransacked from both wardrobes.

Esther finally sat down, an old fashioned lavender and white delaine dress that had belonged to her mother's more youthful days lying in her lap.

"I really can make up a lovely little evening dress out of this," she exulted. "I wonder it's not been made over long ago."

Mrs. Blake did not tell her she had kept it packed away in lavender and tender memories because it was the dress she had worn as a bride the first Sunday at St. John's when she came to the then strange town.

"I can manage with the dresses, but I don't see how anything less than a miracle could produce the shoes and gloves that ought to go with them. One could perhaps find a recipe for a pair of long white gloves to go with the short elbow sleeves I intend making for my little lavender dress if there only were time to read enough woman's pages. They might say, 'Take the old silk stockings of your Aunt Eliza and crochet a proper finish, fastening with the pearl buttons taken from your grandfather's white moire vest.' but I'm sure it would take more intellect than I can command to put them together properly and evolve a pair of long white gloves."

Mrs. Blake suddenly sparkled with animation.

"Why, Esther Blake, speaking of miracles, I've had a pair of white gloves the kind you want, lying in the bottom of my trunk for five years. They may be a little yellow, but we can have them cleaned, and there's plenty of time for the odor of gasoline to wear off them."

She didn't tell the girl the history of those gloves.

Five years before, when the rector was having more financial difficulties than it seemed right for one man to have, he had read the marriage service for one of the wealthiest young men in the town. It was a quiet home wedding, and the bridegroom had laughingly presented him with the bride's gloves as a souvenir.

The rector always had been in the habit of giving all wedding fees to his wife for her own personal use.

When he upon his return home gave her the gloves she had tossed them into her trunk, wondering in the depth of her heart what earthly use the bridegroom thought those gloves would do her financially distressed husband.

She now found them in the very bottom of her trunk and tossed them into Esther's lap.

"After all these years, my dear, maybe they will be of service. They belonged to one bride. Perhaps they will prove a talisman to bring happiness to a girl who is just engaged."

Esther unwrapped one glove from the other and commenced smoothing them out. They were long and soft, of the finest suede.

She slipped one of them on to straighten the fingers, then turned them in astonishment.

"Mamma Blake," she exclaimed, her face crimson with excitement, "there is a piece of paper money folded in every blessed finger of this blessed glove!"

Mrs. Blake turned pale and picked up the mate that had fallen unheeded to the floor.

"Call your father, dearie," she said in an awed whisper. "There's a ten dollar note in each of these fingers. As badly as we've needed money at times, I've had a hundred dollars lying in my trunk for five years."

When Dr. Blake came he sat down on the edge of the bed, and the three stared helplessly at the long white gloves.

"I'll go this very afternoon and thank Mr. Carter," he said, looking slightly dazed. "Perhaps he will overlook the thanks being several years delayed when I tell him my little girl is going to wear these gloves at her own wedding."

Date and Rice Experts.

"There are date experts in the Sahara," said a sailor, "men that can distinguish varieties of the date as easily and accurately as you or I can distinguish the various vegetables. As I went from Biskra to Touggourt last winter I learned a lot about dates. I'd thought, the same as you, that there was only one kind. I found there were seventy-nine kinds. And the Arab expert, the date merchant, could tell those seventy-nine kinds apart with ease. All the world's dates come from the Sahara. They grow in the oases. The date palms need just a little water along with the hottest kind of a hot sun—a desert sun. The variety of the date is amazing. I know myself now nine kinds. It's the same with rice in Burma. The best rice comes from there, and there are 102 kinds of it, which the Burmese rice grower has no difficulty in differentiating."—New York Press.

Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses begun to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
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DANGERS OF DIETING

UNDERFEEDING LIABLE TO WEAKEN HEART'S ACTION.

Usually Appetite Is a Measure of Health, and the First Sign of Illness In a Man or an Animal Is Loss of the Desire For Food.

Professor Alexander Haig, an English dietary expert, has written from London to the medical fraternity of New York warning Americans against the popular belief that the average man eats too much. He says that the increasing number of deaths from heart failure is largely due to underfeeding.

The notion that science is a more unerring guide than is nature is constantly gaining ground. In the good old days men drank when they were thirsty and ate of whatever they wished until their hunger was satisfied. Now science condemns such foolishness as primitive. It prescribes one glass of water one hour before meals and one glass one hour after meals—no more, no less. If you happen not to be thirsty at those times, no matter, drink that amount anyway. If perchance you are thirsty and would like two glasses you must not yield; it is only nature that prompts you, and nature is an unsafe guide. Or, you may be "abnormally" thirsty at meals; nevertheless do not drink then.

As to our amount of food, we are directed to consume so many grams of the proteids, so many grams of the carbohydrates and so many grams of fat, while we hear learned discourses upon large calories and the supreme importance of exactly maintaining our nitrogen balance—whatever that may mean.

I have purposely not mentioned the precise numbers of grams of the different food elements, for the simple reason that our eminent authorities have not yet agreed upon this important point. All give different figures.

Scientists, however, following the lead of Russell H. Chittenden, Ph. D., LL. D., Sc. D., have pretty well agreed that the average man eats twice more than he needs. If half his customary amount of food does not satisfy him it ought to, they say, and it will eventually, provided he keeps on suppressing his natural and therefore unscientific instincts.

But just here lies a danger. It is true that one can accustom himself to a much smaller quantity of food than that to which he has been habituated and that eventually he will desire that smaller quantity and no more, but when he attains to this condition his digestive power will have been reduced by one-half. As a result he will lose from ten to thirty pounds in weight; that is to say, his muscles and organs will decrease by so much in bulk and strength. Now, if the heart decreases considerably in strength there will always be danger of its collapse, particularly if it be subjected to any extra strain, as when one runs for a car or rapidly up a flight of steps. Excitement alone may be fatal to a weak heart.

Rigorous dieting to reduce weight is always dangerous. A better plan is to work off the superfluous flesh by exercise.

Lack of sleep has a depressing effect on the heart, for during sleep cerebral circulation diminishes, when the blood can devote itself to the rest of the body.

Eating before going to bed, particularly if one is up late, is a good practice, it being most favorable to thorough body repair that the blood at night be rich in nourishment.

Accustoming the digestive organs to a small amount of food results in a decline of appetite, whereas our object should be to increase appetite and thereby strengthen our digestive powers by judicious exercise in the open air or in a well ventilated room.

If the doctrine that a small appetite is preferable to a large appetite be true—and this is what "economy in nutrition" teaches—then open air exercise, which manifestly increases appetite, must be injurious to health. Or why should we exercise to increase appetite if we may eat only so much?

The notion is wholly absurd. The first sign of illness in a man or an animal is loss of appetite. And usually appetite is a measure of health.

To build up the heart and muscular system generally we must vigorously exercise the muscles.

It is not enough that one should stuff himself; it is all important that he should desire every morsel he eats, and this he will do only if he undergoes general physical and mental exercise. Food that is ingested, and even digested, will be absorbed only by those organs that need it—that have been exercised. This fact explains why many persons that are good "feeders" are yet inadequately nourished. If they are brain workers and take no physical exercise their brains absorb what nourishment they need; the rest is excreted.

Magnificent as are the results of brain work we must bear in mind that there could be no result without the co-operation of the body, and that the body in its turn depends primarily on the integrity of its heart, lungs and stomach.—G. Elliot Flint in New York World.

Men of the People.

The American tradition is the experience of the world everywhere. There is Washington and there is Hamilton, gently born and gently bred, but somehow the heart turns rather to Franklin and to Lincoln, as of more hope for the common men "God made so many of."—Mr. Howells in Harper's Weekly.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.—Rothschild.

THE MINER and
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one year for
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ABYSSINIAN APES.

They Have Chiefs, Guards and Sentries When on the March.

Very similar reports are made from different parts of north Africa in regard to the monkey tribes that occupy that continent from Morocco to Abyssinia. Just how far tribal relations may have tended to vary the species is a question quite as important as that of language. Some points of interest are found in an English book, "A Visit to Abyssinia." Says our author:

"I have mentioned that large numbers of monkeys frequent these hills. They move about in organized bands, and their proceedings are arranged in the most orderly and tactical manner. They are difficult to approach unless it is gradually and cautiously done, but mounted on a camel I have succeeded in getting within a few yards of them when they were crossing the path ahead of me, about fifty in single file following their leader and looking with their manes like small lions.

"Their movements are full of interest and well repay observation. They have chiefs, sentries and advanced and rear guards on the march. The mothers carry their children on their backs exactly like the larger human creatures in these countries. They talk and chatter, the females being especially loquacious, quarrelsome and combative. These are clearly under the command of the elder males, whose gesture alone is sufficient to reduce them to obedience. They live in small caverns among the hills, but will most certainly avoid a direct return to their haunts if followed.

"They are less timid of men when these are mounted on camels than when on foot, experience having doubtless taught them that the former is usually traveling to a destination and that his steady, jogging pace is rarely interrupted by his curiosity. On one occasion, seeing a whole family tribe on the road home after a foraging excursion, I successfully tempted some of the younger ones to leave their ranks by quietly rolling pieces of bread and sugar at them, but the older members were above such weakness and went on in a stately way up the hill, disappearing over the ledge and reproving the youngsters as they retired."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is easy to expect others to set good examples.

When opportunity knocks it doesn't use a hammer.

Despair is the undertaker that carts off our dead hopes.

Occasionally a man rises from nothing to something worse.

Prodigals have always exceeded the supply of fatted calves.

It doesn't require much practice to acquire the art of being lazy.

Many a man who takes himself seriously is looked upon as a joke by others.

Imagination is responsible for half of our troubles, and our fool actions are responsible for the other half.

When a wise man bestows a favor he immediately forgets it. When a fool receives a favor he does likewise.—Chicago News.

Don't Cross Your Legs.

"The prevalence of appendicitis is an admitted fact," said a surgeon. "I have myself operated on 710 persons for the disease. Crossing the legs is responsible for a good deal of this trouble. That sounds strange, doesn't it? Nevertheless it is a theory advocated by more than one great surgeon. Indeed I know some men who say that if people never crossed their legs appendicitis would quite disappear. You see, crossing the leg squeezes and cramps the delicate vermiform appendix. Squeezed and cramped, the appendix becomes irritated. Inflammation sets in. Intense pain comes. Then—presto—you are on your back, the sweet and heavy fumes of chloroform are choking you, and the appendicitis specialist bends over you with a sharp knife."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What They Meant.

A Scotch clergyman named Fraser claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried on the trial of the case to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F. The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747 for supporting the young pretender. The letters, engraved under the regulator, were shown to stand for "Slow, Fast," and the case was laughed out of court.

The Diver Bird.

A Dantzic correspondent writes: While swimming on a lake with her brood of five a diver bird was shot and, although mortally wounded, collected her young ones and dived for their safety. When her dead body floated to the surface the five little birds were still clinging with their beaks to her wings, but all had been suffocated by remaining too long under the water.—London Mail.

Philosophy.

A Kansas philosopher warns the man against the girl who takes time to consider a proposal of marriage. He intimates that she is hopeful that something better will turn up. Still, the man she finally accepts can console himself with the reflection that she has discovered it wasn't possible for anything better to turn up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Whistle Blows.

Bill—Don't you think this blowing of factory whistles is a nuisance? Jill—Well, when they blow for quitting time I don't think so, but when they blow for us to go to work I certainly do!—Yonkers Statesman.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HEALTH AND HABITS.

Tissue Income and Expenditure Must Be Made to Balance.

The day must come at some future period of sociological development when the instinct of self preservation will overrule the pernicious habits and customs of the present day fashions and necessity. Men will come to learn that tissue income and expenditure must be adjusted to a better balance if the human machine is to be kept in smoothly working order; that excess of either is a physiological sin which nature will surely avenge either on the individual or on his descendants; that such kind work of the best quality can only be performed when effort is kept well within the margin of accomplishment; that luxurious idleness and artificial excitement, when carried beyond the limits of a healthy counterpoise to the daily routine of active duty, bring about their parasthenic nemesis as surely as overstrenuous endeavor, and that the coming generation can be fitted to battle with the increasing complexities of life only if endowed with bodies that are structurally perfect and with nervous centers capable of producing throughout an average duration of life sufficient energy to enable the machine to perform satisfactorily the work whereto it has been set.

A more vigorous public sentiment, fostered by an example of greater self denial and more rigid adherence to simplicity of life on the part of those who set the pace and lead the fashions of the day, would do much to arrest the downhill rush of the multitude; pronounced social disapproval of the immoderate use of alcohol and tobacco and the stern forbidding of both under the age of puberty would shield the nervous centers from two of their most deadly enemies, and, though it might at first grate against popular feeling, the introduction by the legislature of an enactment whereby some form of compulsory military service was exacted from every healthy young man would materially contribute to the preservation of active minds in vigorous bodies to those who are destined to make or mar the future history of their fatherland.—Guthrie Rankin, M. D., in Detroit News-Tribune.

Sour Grapes.

Mary—I'm has forbidden you the house. John—I wouldn't have taken it anyway with the mortgage he has got on it.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, E. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. F. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, [illegible] degree 2nd Monday, Chief Degree 3d Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S. K. MCGARTH, C. of E.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Lorrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:15 a m, 2:35, 4:35 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:15a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B E & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffaloyia B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.
C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	6:30
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:35	9:30	6:40
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	6:50	10:20	2:35
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BUTLER, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	5:15		Bornellsville	A9:35	5:59	
6:30	5:20		Arkport	9:25	5:48	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	5:36		Bornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
6:54	5:42		Canerseraga	9:07	5:30	
6:59	5:45		Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
7:10	5:59		Swains	8:48	5:10	
7:28	6:17		Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
7:53	6:39		Angelica	8:06	4:33	
8:22	10:-3		Friendship	7:37	4:05	
8:54	10:45		Hollyer	L7:05	3:21	
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:38
6:50			Larabee			9:18
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:20	St. Marys		A1:50	L0:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		L1:36	
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M

Bornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A10:55	3:02	6:55
8:30	11:00	7:25	Perkinsville	10:39	2:50	6:52
8:40	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:40	6:45
8:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:11
4:00	11:30	7:40	Bornellsville Jc	10:09	2:33	6:20
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00	Bornellsville	L9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
a—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m, 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 8:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

THE SMOKE of DECISION

By Frank B. Wells

Copyright, 1900, by P. C. Eastman

"Move on there!"

Bondell pulled heavily at his cigar in studied abstraction of the limb o the law. The policeman advanced a step nearer, bellowing hoarsely:

"I tell you to get a move on you! You've been obstructing travel on this corner for a quarter of an hour. Now!"

"See here!" the handle of obstinacy waved the emblem of authority futilely above. "I'm going to stand here till I've finished this cigar. You might as well rest on that."

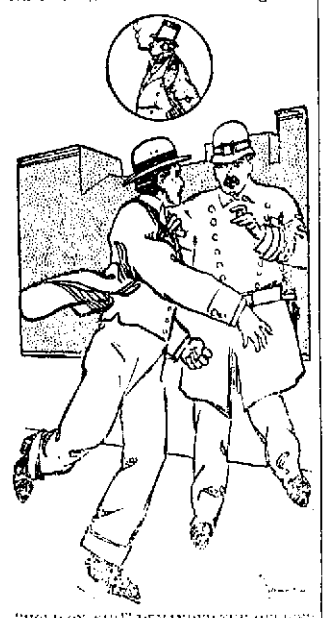
The policeman made a move for the man's collar. "I'll give you an illustration of the way this city keeps its streets navigable!" he roared.

Bondell stalled grimly and stepped out of range of the policeman's muscular arm. Suddenly he became confidential.

"A young sprig asked my permission to marry my daughter just a few minutes ago, and I've sent him around the corner on an errand."

"Well?"

"Well, if he gets back before I finish this cigar he can have the girl. I



"HOLD ON, SIR!" DEMANDED THE OFFICER. "WHAT'S UP?"

he fails to show up in time he doesn't get her. That's the long and short of it."

The policeman surveyed Bondell with mute astonishment. "It occurs to me," he said, "that you have a rather feeble grasp of human destiny. What kind of an errand did you send this young fellow on?"

"Not much of anything. Just told him to go down and ask the Stillmans for quotations. They're gone today and the office is closed. It hadn't ought to take him long to find that out."

"Now, see here," exclaimed the blue coat, "that ain't fair! If that young man is any good he will hunt all over the Empire State before he will come back to you without the information you wanted. You will have time to grow baldheaded smoking cigars before you set your optics on him again. That's my opinion."

"You might as well go about your business," retorted Bondell. "This is my affair, not yours. I like to see a young man act promptly, and I'm giving him this for a test. He's good enough for the most part."

"He is, is he? Did you ever see him before?"

"Of course I have. He is one of my clerks. I'm a broker."

"Oh," sighed the officer. "I supposed by your actions that he was some stranger you had picked up on the street. You are more intelligent than I thought you were."

"Now clear out!" blustered the broker. "Give me any more of your impudence and I'll report you."

"You will, eh? Not till you've got through with that cigar, I presume. By the way, you ain't puffin' as fast as you might, seems to me."

The officer wandered down to the next block ruminating. At the turn of the corner he met a young man dashing breathlessly along the walk. He promptly laid a heavy hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Hold on, sir!" demanded the officer. "What's up?"

"Nothing—nothing. Don't detain me. I'm going in an awful hurry!" struggled the youth.

"How do you know you are?" asked the policeman mildly.

"How do I—you blamed fool!"

"There—none of that! I'll pull you in," threatened the officer.

"I beg your pardon," the young man pleaded, "but you don't understand how important it is for me to lose no time."

"How do you know I don't?"

"Because—because why, there's a man waiting for me up at the next corner. I have an important dispatch. The man is an old crank, and I've kept him waiting half an hour already. He'll give me fits."

"I don't believe a word of this stuff," solemnly declared the policeman. "You haven't got any important dispatches."

"I have!" The youth glared at the officer like a wild animal.

"Then let me see 'em," the policeman demanded.

"I—that is, the message is verbal," explained the other.

"I told you you hadn't got any dispatches. You didn't even see the parties you were ordered to see."

The young man began to turn pale. "How in thunder did you find out all about my affairs?" he gasped.

"I just know. That's enough," asserted the officer grimly. "And I know another thing—you don't want to see that old chap up there on the corner."

"But I do; I must," protested the youth, making an effort to tear away from the officer's grasp.

"No, you don't. He sent you down here on a fool errand. He knew that none of the Stillmans were in the city. You want to marry his daughter, and he wants you to marry her, but he's got it in his head that if you didn't get back by the time he had finished a cigar he wouldn't give his consent. He's got through with the cigar. Now, of course, you don't want to see him."

The youth stood wrapped in bewilderment. "Heavens!" he exclaimed at length. "What am I going to do?"

"Well, I'll tell you if you want me to," replied the policeman.

"Then tell me."

"Do you really want to marry this girl?"

"Yes."

"Does she want to marry you?"

"I—she—said she did."

"All right. Do you know where she is?"

"I do."

"How long would it take you to have the matter straightened out, ceremony performed, and all that?"

The young man calculated rapidly. "Two hours would be sufficient," he announced.

"Then get about it quick. I'll tend to the old man."

The policeman turned and sauntered back to where Bondell was still standing.

"Have you seen your man yet?" the officer inquired.

"No!" the broker thundered. "He won't get the girl, you can bank on that."

"How was he dressed?" asked the officer.

"Light brown suit, blue tie, black derby hat."

"Then it was he. Great heavens!" broke in the policeman.

"Was what? Tell me!" exclaimed Bondell.

"He was run over by an automobile a few minutes ago and taken to the hospital."

"My God! And I was to blame! Which hospital?" the broker asked frantically.

"I'm sorry," replied the officer, "but I can't tell you. If you want to see him you'll have to make the circuit of them all."

Late that night Bondell returned to his home after a fruitless search for the unfortunate lover. As he was mounting the steps a cab halted at the curb.

"Papa!" came a wee voice, "Henry and I have been married to-night, and you'll forgive your own little girl, won't you?"

The broker staggered down the steps with arms outstretched. "God bless you both!" he exclaimed fervently.

Wild Beasts of New York City.

As a matter of fact, it is not very generally known that wild fowl may be taken and wild game killed within the corporate limits of New York city. Certainly I have found but few that seemed to know that foxes, and not always foxes bred for the purpose, but the genuine wild Reynard, are chased on Staten Island. The city limits are very extended. A good slice is taken off Westchester county at the north, the whole of one end of Long Island at the east, while Staten Island entire is included at the south. There are wooded districts within these boundaries—brushy hills and swampy thickets—some of them well nigh inaccessible. There are fresh water streams and lakes, and there are vast areas of salt water; also there are wide set meadows or marsh lands where the waters of ocean and bay and sound swept long ago and where salt creeks and inlets still make and ebb with the tide. Such haunts as these are ideal, and the creatures that have held them against three centuries of civilization are not to be easily driven away.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Metropolitan.

The Hardest Blow.

An artist who has attained fame and an income was telling some friends of his early struggles. "I had spent eight weeks on the picture," he said, "and had put my very soul into it, and we were penniless. My wife was hungry and in rags, the baby was sickly and I was discouraged. I hawked that picture about town desperately, only to bring it home that night. No one would have it."

"I suppose that was the hardest blow of your life," suggested a sympathetic friend.

"Oh, no, it wasn't, either. I could stand that. I knew I was right. But next day I went out to answer every promising advertisement. The last on the list read, 'Dishwasher wanted.'

"I felt secure of that, so saved it for the last. But when I applied the greasy proprietor of the restaurant looked me over with a critical eye.

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'and what experience as a dishwasher have you had?'

"Of course I hadn't any, and he would not take me. I've never forgiven him for that awful jolt to my pride."

The Reform Fell Through.

The Man—Now, look here, Helen, we're going to run this household on a more methodical system. Everything in its place, so that we will know where everything is kept.

His Wife—Oh, how nice! Now, let's begin with your late hours, dear. I should dearly like to know where they are kept.—Lippincott's Magazine.

MIND AND MUSCLE.

Influence of Former Upon the Latter Plainly to Be Seen.

In all feats of skill the influence of the mind is most important. To perform in thoroughly good style any difficult feat of skill it is absolutely necessary that the mind must be free from fear, anxiety or nervousness. I knew once, years ago, a man who had been a bullfighter in Spain. During one of his glowing accounts of the sport I expressed my surprise that he should have left the life. His reply was: "One day I was about to enter the ring and I had a little creepy feeling of fear. Then I stopped for good. The man who feels fear is sure to be killed."

And it is equally true that the man who fears is heavily handicapped, no matter what the contest may be. Anxiety and nervousness are closely akin to fear, and both are so powerful in their effect as to render it almost impossible for one to perform perfectly any difficult or delicate feat of skill. The man who is afraid or anxious or nervous is almost sure to fail.

All emotions when intense have a powerful effect on the muscles. This is plainly seen in the tension of the muscles, clinching of hands and arms, as well as of the face, in anger. In the spasmodic breathing of excitement, in the muscular weakness and trembling of fear, and in many other conditions that might be mentioned. Now, in feats of skill of whatever nature, whether balancing, juggling, marksmanship, rumbling or shot putting, it is necessary that just the right muscles must be used at just the right instant and to just the right degree. When, however, the muscles are disturbed by emotional excitement, such delicate adjustment is impossible and the probable result is failure.

The mental state most conducive to success in feats of skill is confident calmness. And by practice this state of mind may be made a habit—a habit most valuable in all games of skill, even in that game of skill called life.—Dr. W. R. C. Latson in Outing.

LIVING ON STILTS.

A Strange Sight in the French Turpentine Growing Country.

People live on extensive foot stilts in the remarkable turpentine growing country of France. They don these stilts after breakfast and do not remove them again till it is time for bed.

There are two reasons for the wearing of stilts in the turpentine country. One is the turpentine gathering. The other is the herding of the great flocks.

The turpentine comes from the inner bark of the pine tree. This tree is tapped, a slanting gash is inserted, and from the shingle is hung a tiny bucket into which the turpentine drips. The tapping process is like that used in the American sugar maple.

Young pine trees are tapped low, but with each year's passage the incision is made higher, so that it is not long before most of the trees are tapped twenty or thirty feet from the ground.

Hence the huge stilts of the workmen. On these stilts they traverse the fat country, covering five or six yards with each stride, and quickly and easily they collect the turpentine that overflows the little buckets hanging high up in the trees.

It is for herding also that the stilts are useful. The country is very flat, and the herdsman unless he continually climbed a tree would be unable to keep all the members of his huge flock in sight. But striding about on his stilts he commands a wide prospect. He is always, as it were, upon a hill.

The stilt wearers carry a fifteen foot staff with a round, flat top like a dinner plate. When it is lunchtime or when they are tired they plant upright under them the staff and sit down on its round, flat top. Then in comfort, seated so dizzily high, they eat and rest and chatter—a strange sight to behold.—New York Press.

Unrecorded Dreams.

The subject of dreams is one of the most intricate and perplexing in the entire field of mental philosophy, and it has not yet met with that amount of attention which its importance would seem to demand. Sir William Hamilton, the great metaphysician, held that "whether we recollect our dreams or not, we always dream." To have no recollection of our dreams does not prove that we have not dreamed, for it can often be shown that we have dreamed, though the dream has left no trace upon our memory.

"Journal" and "Journey."

Strictly speaking a "journal" should be a daily publication, although the word no longer has that limited use. The case of "journey" is exactly comparable. Even to Chaucer it still meant a day's progress, and in the fourteenth century it was possible to speak of one country as being "fifty-two journeyes" distant from another, a "journey" being reckoned usually as twenty miles. But "journey" calls up no suggestion whatever of a day now.

Guilty Stains.

"What are you doing, Willie?" asks the little sister, noticing Willie washing jam from his hands and face.

"S-sh!" Willie replies, industriously scrubbing. "I got into the pantry while mamma was out, and now I'm taking an immunity bath."—Chicago Post.

The Wood Pile.

Proofreader—You speak here of Nuritch's house as "a magnificent marble pile." Editor—Well? Proofreader—Well, it isn't marble at all. It's a frame building. Editor—That so? Then just substitute "wood" for "marble."—Philadelphia Press.

Though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier.—Van Dyke.

Yellow Sweet Clover

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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"I think if you'd take a run home, dear, for a few weeks it would be all right with the governor, and you'd get your roses back." Jim gave his little wife a gentle pinch on her pale cheeks.

Five years ago, when he had married her, she had possessed something of the evanescent charm of a four petaled dog rose, exquisite, ethereal, but the kind to fall in a moment. Jim belonged to "the profession," and Madge always accompanied him upon tours, undergoing cheerfully the hardships that a player of "one night stands" must endure in the interest of art. Matters did not go well financially, so presently she became a "walking lady," finally a soubrette. This was only to last, however, until Jim made what the dramatic critics describe as a "favorable impression."

And now, although five years had gone by, they were still waiting for that distinct success. That it had not come they were merely human—they ascribed of course to a lack of opportunity. Meanwhile Madge's health was beginning to fail. She was fretting for the country. So when Jim insisted because she was yearning for her father's forgiveness, because she did want her "roses" back; for the first time since she had left it she set out for her childhood's home.

After she had got out at the little country station unheralded she wound her way up the old farm road. Nothing seemed to have changed. She heard the cows lowing far off; she inhaled the balmy incense of her ancestral land. It was so sweet that it pained her. The dear, familiar farmhouse came in sight, and her eyes grew misty. She opened the gate which led to the yard path, bordered by lilacs and hollyhocks. There, pulling up some weeds from underneath the lilacs, she came face to face with her father. At first he could find no words to say. He only glared at her through his spectacles. Then:

"Where is he—that scoundrel, that vagabond, that"—

"My husband," corrected Madge, drawing back with a touch of dainty pride.

"Then," thundered the old farmer, flinging down his trowel in a rage, "go back to him; go back to your husband!" The veins in his neck were swollen like cords. That he did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy was a miracle indeed.

So Madge passed out of the gate of her father's home once more. When she reached New York, Jim had just been taken to the hospital. At first she was conscious only of one thing. Jim was ill, terribly ill, and calling for her. Later the doctor's sentence returned to her. There had been an accident—injury to the spine—never walk again a cripple for life. Why, ah, why had she ever left her beloved?

When, at the beginning of the next season, it was time to go "on the road" again Madge had to start with a variety company alone. But while she was doing an eccentric dance in a crimson ballet skirt her whole heart and soul were with a man suffering in a stuffy top room in Eighth street.

Something like six weeks after its departure from New York the variety company "collapsed" in Ohio. Madge was obliged to return east and seek another engagement. Each evening when she had come back from her weary tour of the theatrical agencies the question would come anxiously almost before she had closed the door.

"Anything today, Madge darling?" And always the answer would come with a brave smile as she shook her head in the negative:

"You see, this is the bad part of the season. And the profession is really overcrowded."

Meanwhile medicine was requiring cash and the landlady was insisting on having her weekly increasing lodging bill paid.

As Madge entered the room one evening, bracing her heart to meet the customary question, she heard new, cheery words instead:

"Come over here, little woman, I've something to show you."

Jim, who lay propped up by pillows, had a bright flush on each cheek, and his eyes were like stars. He held toward her a bundle of manuscript. It was a play he'd been writing unknown to his wife or doctor. It was constructed from incidents of his own life. Madge and he were the leading characters. In the last act they both made tremendous "hits" and were "discovered." Wealth poured in upon the long disappointed artists, and they were able to leave poverty behind them.

"When we sell the play, what shall we do with all our money, dear?" she asked, smiling through her tears as at last she finished reading the prized manuscript. He turned wearily.

"Ah, we'll move into the country, fresh and green. We'll buy a little home with trailing vines so we can hear the birds sing."

She made the rounds with the play as many plays have made the rounds before—and no one wanted it. But just as she had kept Jim's hopes alive regarding her own possible theatrical engagement, so now she treated the disposition of his manuscript.

One manager—a round, French abbe of a man, with sleek, soft, fat hands, who had promised to give her beloved play a reading—laid one of these same hands upon Madge's arm one day.

"That manuscript you brought the other day fell off my desk into the wastebasket, and the boy burned it with the waste paper. I'm sorry, but the truth is, dear girl, it never would have done in the world—never! It was amateurish. It had no action. It was defective all through. Tell him to try again." He wished the woman would not stare at him in that bewildered, helpless way. He wasn't a ghost.

"Come, now. Don't look so white. I'll take you out to lunch, and then we'll call it square, won't we?" But she did not hear him. She had already started for home. Home? Before her Jim, wasted and expectant; behind her blank failure!

* * * * * * * * *

Old Farmer Gray and his elder sister were having some sort of discussion over the rightful age of a man whose death was published among the country newspaper notices. The paper stated it incorrectly, they were sure of that. But they couldn't quite agree on what was his proper age.

"He's pretty nigh Brother Hi's age," said Farmer Gray finally. "Leastwise he was born the same year—mebbe not to the month. I recollect a story mother used to tell about—but I'll just go an' look up Hi's age in the Bible."

The air of the "best parlor," which he entered, was a bit close. The sun never was allowed to shine in this room more than once a twelvemonth—it might fade the carpet. On a marble topped table, resting on a worsted mat, was the family Bible. The last time Farmer Gray had looked into this book he'd registered the baptism of his baby daughter, Madge. For his daily readings he used a little New Testament.

As he unlid the heavy clasps of the big Bible the pages opened themselves at a place where there was some pressed yellow sweet clover. The mere sight of it somehow recalled faroff memories. It recalled a certain summer day so long ago. It was on his honeymoon, and his young wife had just plucked these sprays of yellow clover. "Think you can love me as long as this keeps sweet?" she had asked archly. How pretty she had looked, laughing up into his face! How precious she had been to him! After ten years of happy married life their long wished for child had come. When the young mother died he had clung to the baby daughter with double tenderness. He simply worshiped her growing girlhood. But she had run away from him and with an actor, and he had forbidden her ever to cross his doorsill again.

The old farmer scarcely knew what he was about, his head swam so. Doubtless it was that strong, sweet odor of the clover. Somehow it seemed to him to be suddenly flooding the whole room, filling his stubborn heart with something very like pardon and mercy.

* * * * * * * * *

Madge dragged wearily down Broadway in a dazed sort of fashion after she had left the unctuous little manager. Almost directly in front of a theater she found herself walking into a small group of boys. They were jeering a man who stood close to the theater's entrance, timid and self distrustful. But Madge moved mechanically toward the street curb in order to pass on. She did not observe him.

"Wants to know where you go to find out whether the play actors live—did you ever?" sarcastically jeered one of the urchins. "I say, Reuben, hadn't you better 'tend to the hay crop?"

"Wot he wants t' do is ter go on de stage hisself an' find out," suggested another urchin. A "cop" came up the street at this moment, and the old man who had been affording the boys amusement took a few steps toward him. In doing so his eyes fell upon the slight, girlish figure who had just succeeded in passing the group of urchins. "Madge! Madge!" he gasped.

"Father!" Regardless of everything, like a very little child she threw herself into his outstretched arms.

"'Twas the yellow sweet clover done it, darlin'," said he, a bit mysteriously, while he patted her cheeks as of old.

Tame Grouse Strutting.

Toward the end of September my ruffed grouse began strutting, a performance similar to that of the turkey gobbler. The tail is spread, the black ruff thrown out around the head, and the wings are dragged on the ground, the object being to show all their new feathers. As with turkeys, the young hens strut as well as the cocks. In strutting the birds indulge in a deal of bowing, tapping the ground or log with the bill, and while shaking the head from side to side give vent to hissing sounds, slow at first and increasing in rapidity and culminating in a prolonged hiss—"chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu-chuu-chuu-chuuuuuuuuu" (hiss the syllables without vocalizing). The sounds are made in the same tempo as the drumming and remind one somewhat of an automobile starting up. A cock may be thus engaged for hours together, parading his charms before a demure little hen, while she persists in looking up at the sky or in nipping at a bud, with not so much as a casual glance out of the corner of her eye—the most remarkable example of true masculine patience and perseverance and of feminine heartlessness as well.—Country Life in America.

The Most Degraded.

The California Indians who used to inhabit the Santa Barbara islands are described by the missionaries as the most degraded of all human beings, with a morality lower than that of animals. Insects, especially grasshoppers, formed a portion of their food, and, like the natives of the adjacent mainland, they probably fed to a great extent on the larger kinds of earthworms. Possibly they belonged to the Shoshonean stock of the mainland. Their extermination is attributed to the changed conditions of existence imposed upon them by the missionaries.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERNS.

Rough and Ready Liquor Laws of the Early Days.

In the early settlement of New England taverns were found to be a necessity, and hence were established by law. They were usually under the sanction and surveillance of the town officials, says Mr. Hudson in "The History of Concord, Mass.," and these officials had to grant, limit or revoke an innholder's license, either as a victualler or a seller of liquors.

The keeper of the ordinary might be a deacon, a military officer, a civil official or a deputy to the general court. His house was a convenient place for conventions, important or unimportant, and there might be held in it a parish meeting, a military election, a council of clergymen or an assessors' talk.

So important was the ordinary that its affairs, such as the establishment of prices, the limitation of patronage and the quality and quantity of goods to be sold, were regulated by colonial law.

In order to discourage the use of strong drink at these places it was enacted about 1631 by the colonial court that not over a penny a quart should be charged for all purchased out of mealtimes. It was also ordered that not more than a penny a drink should be charged for any beverage. This was done to make the business of dramselling unprofitable. At another time it was enacted by law that every innkeeper should sell good beer, "lest a traveler for want of it might purchase wine."

A law was passed at an early date by which a person appointed for the purpose could join a drinking company at a tavern and countermand any order made by any member of it for a drink in case he believed the member was drinking too much, and he could also direct how much liquor could be drunk.

At one time no tavern keeper was allowed to permit guests to remain at his house "tippling in an idle way." In 1661 a penalty was enacted for rude singing at inns, and the court also undertook at one time to determine how much a man might drink without being considered drunk.

POETRY IN MACHINERY.

Glorious Work of the Modern Reaper a Fit Subject For Art.

Poetry and art have these many years pictured the labors of men and women in the harvest field. From Ruth, the gleaner, to Millet's "Reaper" we have read the long, melancholy story of the toilers gathering with crude, wasteful, inhuman hand tools the crops of the world that the nations might have bread. Rightly understood, these two women, living so far apart, are pathetic reminders to the astounding stupidity that could permit such things when, as we now see, by taking thought a machine can relieve humanity from such senseless labor. With a singular perversity artists have delighted to paint pictures of foolish toil. Even now the critics tell us that neither the mower, the reaper, the thrashing machine nor the sulky plow is a fit subject for a picture.

Never was there a greater blunder. The glory and majesty of our mighty harvests, won for the feeding of the world with so little labor that the vast wheatfields seem lonely, the smoking clouds of chaff and straw blown high in the air from whirling thrashers, the great companies of men and horses marching to the horizon as the plows turn side sweeps of soil to the sun, the gang drills sowing mile long lacelike threads over the brown earth where springs the growing crop—those and a hundred other scenes are fit themes for any poet. In our fields are no sad multitudes of ill paid, short lived peasants, crushed and bent by the iniquity of the sickle. Why sing the sad song of the reaper when a grand, inspiring epic of the harvesting machine awaits the poet and painter who can see and understand?—Charles Barnard in Reader.

Why the Dollar of 1804 Is Rare.

There are two stories regarding the rarity of the silver dollar of 1804, the most generally accepted one being the one which accounts for the scarcity by saying that they were sent to Africa to pay the soldiers engaged in war between this country and Tripoli. There were only 19,570 of them coined. Another version of the story which accounts for their rarity is that a vessel bound to China with almost the entire mintage of that year was lost. The former story appears to be the most likely explanation.

Cruelty.

"See here," grumbled the inmate of murderers' row, "ain't there a law against cruel and unusual punishment?"

"Yes," answered the warden.

"An' ain't I ter be hanged next week?"

"I'm afraid you are."

"Then what d'yer mean by sendin' me a bunch of story papers to read that ain't got nothin' but continued stories in 'em?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Craze Defined.

"What do you mean by saying something is the latest craze?" asked the man from abroad who carries a notebook.

"A craze," answered Miss Cayenne, "is something that amuses other people, but by which you yourself do not happen to be interested."—Washington Star.

Horticulture.

Knicker—Does your wife have you water the plants while she is away? Bocker—Yes. I just put them under the place where the bathroom floor leaks.—New York Sun.

The truly proud man knows neither superiors nor inferiors.—Hazlitt.

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Larry's Wedding

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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When Larry Donovan was promoted from footman to coachman and moved from a room over the stables to a trim cottage with a fine view of the Hemstead's lawn he felt as if the summit of his ambition had been reached. If genius is a capacity for hard work Larry could well lay claim to it, for he toiled early and late with a pertinacity which set him high in the estimation of his employer and enabled him to put by a snug sum by the time he had been in America three years.

There was only one thing wanting to make Larry's happiness complete, and that was the presence of Ellen O'Meara, who was already on her way from the old country. A month ago Larry had sent the money for her transportation.

Ellen was the belle of Ballymoran, and his winning her was to be viewed in the light of a great triumph. For awhile it had been nip and tuck as to whether she would marry him or Tim Kearny. But Ellen had chosen Larry, and in the letters she wrote him from time to time there was no mention of Tim Kearny.

"Shure, her heart's all mine," said Larry to himself, and as the day of Ellen's landing approached his joy became more and more apparent.

Indeed, the whole Hemstead household took an interest in Ellen's home coming. The servants knew her age to a dot, that her eyes were as blue as the lakes of Killarney and her hair like burnished copper.

The morning of his wedding dawned clearly and Larry was in jubilant spirits as he took the Long Island train for New York. How Ellen would delight in their little cottage and exult in the surprise that her husband was not a groom, but a full fledged coachman.

Larry boarded the immigrant ferryboat, and it was not till he had reached the immigration building on Ellis island that he found that the Cedric, the steamer on which Ellen was coming, was a day late.

A whole twenty-four hours to spend without Ellen! Larry wandered disconsolately through the long bare halls of the building, stopping to look at the newly landed immigrants in their cage like compartments and thinking of the time when he had been like them. In one of the halls a girl was talking to a blue coated official and biting her lips to keep from crying. She was young and slender, with deep gray eyes.

"I'm sorry," the official was saying kindly, "but we haven't been able to get any word of the aunt who was to meet you, and you're too young a girl to work alone in the city. It's against the law. If your aunt doesn't come for you, you'll have to go back to Ireland to your own people."

"But they're all dead," said the girl. "Shure, there's no one belonging to me at all except this aunt in New York whom I've niver seen. An' if she doesn't come for me"— The girl broke off with a sudden sob, so childish, so piteous, that Larry, in spite of his happiness, felt his heart ache for her.

"It's a shame, it is," he said to himself. "A poor young bit of a thing like that! Faith, if my Ellen was only here we might think of something to do for the girl." And on his way back to New York Larry determined to speak to Ellen about the matter. Women's wits were much better than men's in such cases.

Next morning he was early at the island and instead of waiting in the immigration building tramped up and down outside that he might catch the first glimpse of the boat that was bringing Ellen to him. Presently he descried it, and his blood raced at the sight.

He stood as near as he could to the gangplank and anxiously scanned the faces of the immigrants crowded on the deck, but Ellen's was not among them. Larry was filled with an anguish of apprehension. Then his heart leaped. He had seen the glint of Ellen's red gold hair. For an instant she faced him, their eyes met, and then she turned and spoke to a man beside her. He laughed and pushed back his cap. As he did so Larry recognized him. It was Tim Kearny. They were coming down the gangplank now, and Ellen, to steady herself, put a bare red hand on the railing. On her fourth finger gleamed a plain gold wedding ring.

Larry was too stunned to speak. Dazed, he turned toward the immigration building. He knew not what to do or where to go. The mockery of it all swept over him—the fruitless years of planning and working, the little house that he had meant to be so happy in. Worse than all, the shame of returning alone smote him to the quick. But as he stumbled on there flashed through his mind the memory of the gray eyed girl he had seen the day before. She had been so helpless, yet so lovely in her grief. Somehow the recollection of her loneliness seemed to draw him toward her as if by an invisible bond.

"Shure, misery loves company," he said to himself, "and if the girl could only learn to care for me 'tis joy and not sorrow might be in store for us."

He quickened his steps, fumbling in his pocket for the letters with which Mr. Hemstead had invested him in case he had trouble in proving his right to Ellen. They certified as to Larry's character and errand beyond a doubt and satisfied the middle aged official who ran his eye across them.

"Well?" he said.

The situation was a difficult one, and it took Larry some moments to explain.

Finally the official threw back his head and laughed. "We've had a good many romances on the island," he cried, "but this beats all! Still, as far as I can see, there's nothing against your marrying the girl if she consents. At present she's expecting to be deported, for we've found that her aunt died some days after the girl sailed."

So Nora MacManus was called from the women's detention room and came with a look of wonder, a wonder which deepened as she saw Larry.

"They're telling me you're from the owld sod," said he, "and that your name's Nora MacManus. Is it of the Innishowan MacManuses ye are?"

"Yes," said Nora. Her voice was as soft as the run of a river.

"I was at Innishowan once myself," said Larry, and he went on to speak of the old people and the old times. "Faith, they're a great hond whin people are in a strange land," he said.

Then Larry took both of Nora's hands at the same time.

"Nora, girl," he said, "listen to me." While he was speaking she kept her gray eyes fixed on his honest blue ones. He did not pause until he had told her the whole story. "I've lost faith in one woman," he declared, "but not in all. And the little house back there is lonely and empty, and my heart—shure, it's lonely and empty too. Will ye come and fill it, Nora, alana? Will ye trust me whin I tell ye that the longer I stand here speakin' with ye the more I love ye?"

"It gives me a feelin' o' home to know they have the Blarney stone in America," said Nora, a gleam of humor appearing in her eye.

"I'm no worse than an aunt ye niver had seen," pleaded Larry, "and I may be some better. And the people where we're going—shure, they'll niver know but what you're the girl I came here to marry. There's such a thing as love at first sight, Nora, darlint, and that's what's the matter with me this minute. Ah, say ye'll marry me, though I know ye've niver set eyes on me before"—

"Oh, but I have!" cried Nora. "Yesterday in the hall"— She stopped with a quick blush.

"Ah," cried the delighted Larry, "then ye did notice me, my angel! 'Twas hardly a wink I got last night, for your face kept hauntin' me. I thought of what I'd heard ye say and how lonely and hard it was for ye, a girl in a strange land."

"Did ye, now?" said Nora. "There's few would have thought o' that!" A wonderful change passed over her face. Her eyes softened. "If ye think—if you're still shure"— She faltered, groping for a word.

"Ah, Nora, is it 'Yes' ye mean?" cried the ecstatic Larry.

And Nora nodded.

So Larry and Ellen were married, and the kindly official and the matron of the detention room were witnesses of the simple ceremony. And it chanced that as he and his bride stood on the deck of the immigrant ferry they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, also bound for New York.

"Nora, my dear," said Larry, "this is Mrs. Kearny. Mrs. Kearny, I'd loike to make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Lawrence Donovan." He shot a sharp look at Tim. "Is it on your weddin' thrip ye are?" he questioned and without waiting for an answer drew Nora toward the bow of the boat, so that in going down the gangplank they took precedence of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, who followed sullenly behind and were just in time to see Larry call a cab, hand Nora into it and, jumping in after her, close the door with a victorious slam.

"There are times," said Larry, "whin it pays to be exthravagant," and, leaning over, he squeezed Nora's hand.

London's Comic Paper.

London Punch was concocted in the back parlor of a public house behind Drury Lane theater. The first editor of Punch was the landlord of that tavern, and in that room assembled almost every night some of the most lively wits of the day—more noted, as Dion Boucicault tells, for wit than money. The landlord made punch, and around the bowl those men would sit drinking, smoking and cracking jokes.

The landlord proposed that their jokes should not be wasted, that their wit should start a comic paper. A good idea, but what name to give it?

What name? The child should have its father's name. And the landlord pointed to the bowl of punch. And the paper was started. It struggled on for about a year and then was sold for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the firm that printed it. The best writers in England hastened to their standard. It has the notoriety of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe.—Sunday Magazine.

The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

Pat's Escape.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, now, dear honey," said the other, "poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

She Would.

"I'm going up to interview your wife," said the society reporter. "Do you suppose she'll talk?"

"Do I?" replied the husband. "Why, she'll be talking when your twenty-second edition comes out."

A Vacancy Filled.

Gerald—I have a cold in my head, Geraldine—Well, I suppose that is better than nothing.—New York Press.

"THE SONG OF THE SHIRT."

It Proved the Most Popular Thing Hood Ever Wrote.

During his last illness Tom Hood in an idle moment made an imaginative sketch of his own tombstone. He drew himself reclining at full length on a thick slab of stone, on the edge of which in large capitals he wrote, "He Sung the 'Song of the Shirt.'" This was the only inscription, and, as he himself has said, Tom Hood needs no other.

How much he felt and prided himself upon the song by which he became known and lived by millions is shown by this and the following fact: "If I were candid I dare say the arms I should adopt," said he one day, showing a rough vignette to a friend. The sketch contained a very beautiful and pathetic idea. It represented a heart pierced by a needle threaded with silver tears, and beneath was the motto he had inscribed on the imaginary tombstone.

"The Song of the Shirt" appeared in the Christmas number of the fifth volume of Punch. It was unsigned, but every paper in the land quoted it, and it speedily became the talk of the day. Hood himself did not think it very remarkable, but Mrs. Hood had said to him as she folded it for press: "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mrs. Hood was right. The song was translated into French, German and Italian. It was printed on cheap cotton handkerchiefs and parodied times without number.

THE FIRST MONEY.

It Is Credited to the Lydians of Asia Minor.

It is difficult to realize that prior to B. C. 700 there were no true coins, that ingots or buttons of gold and silver were weighed at every mercantile transaction. The Lydians of Asia Minor are credited with having been the first to cast and stamp with an official device small oval gold ingots of definite fixed weight, an invention strangely delayed, but of inestimable importance to industry and commerce. A coin has been described as "a piece of metal of fixed weight, stamped by authority of government and employed as a medium of exchange." Medals, though struck by authority, are only historical records and have no currency value.

The bright, fur flushing intellect of Greece saw the import of the Lydian invention and adopted it quickly, and every Greek state, nearly every city, island and colony, established a mint, generally at some one of the great temples, for all early coin types are religious in character. They bear symbols of some god as a pledge of good faith. The offerings, tithes and rents of the worshipers were coined and circulated as money. Temples thus became both mints and banks. Our word "money" is said to have been derived from the Roman shrine of Juno, Moneta, the earliest Latin mint.

The first shape of these early coins was that of an enlarged coffee berry, punched on the rounded side with official letters or sinkings, as they are called.

Earth Curvature and Vision.

One of the "seven wonders of the ancient world" was the Pharos, or light tower at Alexandria. If you have a popular account of that great structure handy, read it carefully and note that you are informed that the tower could be seen at a distance of from 100 to 150 miles. Let us see if this could possibly be true. The curvature of the globe is 0.00 inches to the mile. This being true, we find that an object 100 feet high can only be seen at a fraction over thirteen miles. Figuring on the basis of an earth curvature of eve seven inches to the mile, we find that the light tower in question must have been over a mile in height if visible even at a distance of 100 miles.

Old Workmen.

An Englishman who is a large employer of labor has been investigating the arguments of those who say that a workingman under modern conditions becomes at an early age valueless. He has kept a record of all accidents that have incapacitated his men for three days and upward. The people engaged in his employment are from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, and he asserts that more accidents occur to men under thirty than to those over fifty. He says, "I would much rather intrust an exceptionally dangerous job to a man over fifty than to one of thirty years of age."

Drew His Picture.

It is told of Major General Sir William Gatacre of the British army that during the Sudan campaign he was one day going the round of the sentries. Stopping before one he asked him what his orders were. "To keep a sharp lookout for the enemy and also for General Gatacre," was the prompt reply. "Do you know him by sight?" asked the general. "No, sir," answered the man, "but I was told that if I saw an officer fussing and swearing and rushing about that would be General Gatacre."

Against a Snap Judgment.

A boy in a Chicago school refused to sew, evidently considering it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must, "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know. Time will tell," said he seriously.—Popular Education.

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother that God did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor.—Lamartine.

Lots of Chatter.

"What is he playing?"

"Oh, Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"Hm! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—London Bystander.

The words of the good are like a staff to a slippery place.—Hindoo Maxim.

Quaint Customs in Abyssinia.

Quaint customs prevail in parts of Abyssinia. When a father is getting on in years the son of his tribe climb into a tree and jump down from the branches. If the old man staggers on landing the son spears him on the spot—his usefulness is over. One tribe had a custom of sewing chance visitors up in green hides and leaving them to be killed by the contraction of the skins. With another the only orthodox way of dealing with strangers was to tie them in a bundle and roll them over a precipice.—London Mail.

Just Quit Worrying.

Nobody knows what produces earthquakes, although it is often claimed that they do. The earth quakes somewhere every day. Nobody knows when the earth came or when it will go, where it came from, how it came or how it happened to be here. The fact is, when you get down to the truth, nobody knows anything about anything—past, present or to come—and about the only way to get along in this knownothing world is not to try to know very much.—Eldorado Republican.

An Optimist Hotel Keeper.

Hotel Keeper—What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill? Waiter—Such monstrous prices he never saw. We were an abominable gang of thieves. Hotel Keeper—Good. So he didn't become abusive, then?—Fliegende Blatter.

Why She Took Him.

Mother—Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention? Daughter—Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gillilan.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will open its 25th school year at Olean in September.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 5008, Scranton, Pa.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Very Low Rates to Minneapolis

and return, account G. A. R. Encampment, via Nickel Plate Road, $18.50 from Buffalo to Minneapolis and return August 10th, 11th and 12th, also for morning trains of the 13th. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. Liberal return limits. Stopover of ten days at Chicago on return trip within limit of ticket. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Very Low Rate to Minneapolis and return via Nickel Plate Road. $18.50 from Buffalo. August 10th, 11th 12th, and morning trains of the 13th, account G. A. R. national encampment. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. Liberal return limits. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

$16.50 Buffalo to Milwaukee and return via Nickel Plate Road. Account Eagles convention. On sale August 10th, 11th, 12th and for morning trains the 13th. Via rail or boat from Chicago. Good return limit. For particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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Administrator's Sale.

Estate of W. H. Rixford, late of Otto Township, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean county, the undersigned administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the residence occupied by the said W. H. Rixford, at the time of his decease, in Otto township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, situate on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the 20th day of August A. D. 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m. the following described real estate and premises.

The equal undivided one half part of a certain messuage in the Township of Otto, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, consisting of two pieces, parcels or tracts of land, bounded and described as follows:

1st. Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 107 of the allotment of the lands of the Bingham Estate in Otto township, McKean county, Pa., conveyed to Henry E. Prentiss; thence along the west line of said lot, south ¼ degree west 77.8 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 397 north 89¾ degrees west 87.4 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 109, north ¼ degree east 119.6 perches; thence along the south line of lot No. 209 conveyed to Cook Borden and line of lot No. 101 conveyed to Cyrus Strong, south 90¼ degrees east 88 perches and thence still along line of said lot No. 101, south ¾ degrees west 42.5 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 65.5 acres, be the same more or less; it being lot No. 108 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Otto township aforesaid and part of Warrant No. 2102. Being same premises conveyed to William Rixford by the Bingham Trustees by deed dated Oct. 20th, 1874, and recorded in Deed Book Z, page 144, McKean county records.

2nd. Commencing at the northeast corner of William Rixford's lands and running thence north 89¾ degrees west 85.2 rods to the Baker road; thence north 20 degrees east 11½ rods; thence south 89½ degrees east 69.8 rods to the creek; thence north 81 degrees east 14½ rods; thence south 50 degrees east 13½ rods along the creek; thence south 1 degree west to highway 72 1-2 rods; thence along highway north 89 degrees west 25.6 rods; thence north 3 degrees east 42½ rods to the place of beginning.

Containing 39½ acres of land, be the same more or less, and a part of warrant No. 2102. And being the same premises conveyed to William Rixford by Jos. Dulce and wife by deed dated May 12th, 1877, and recorded in Deed Book Z, page 145 McKean County Records.

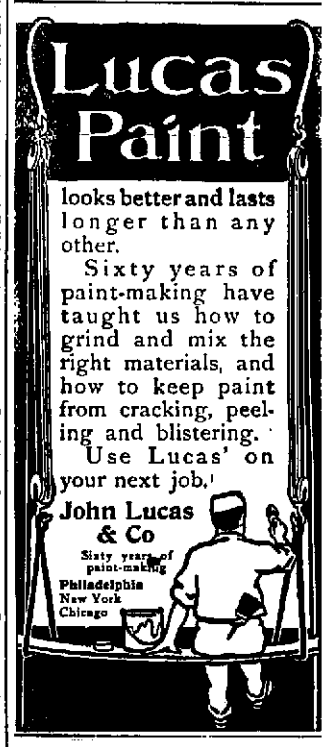
Excepting and reserving from the above mentioned two tracts of land, a small lot conveyed by William Rixford and wife to O. P. Ireland, by deed dated May 21st, 1870, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 7 page 324; 55-100 of an acre conveyed by William Rixford and wife to Benjamin Bunker and others for a cemetery by deed dated June 4th, 1870, and recorded in Deed Book Vol 7, page 422, and all lots in the new cemetery which have heretofore been conveyed by W. H. Rixford and Simon C. Rixford, and subject to all pipe line, telegraph line and railroad rights of way now valid against premises granted by either William Rixford or W. H. Rixford, and to all existing oil leases granted by William Rixford or W. H. Rixford and to a certain assignment of oil royalty granted by William Rixford to Jennie Dennis by conveyance dated October 22nd, 1898, and recorded in Deed Book 104, page 386.

The above premises having about sixty acres improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame house with the usual outbuildings, one small frame horse barn and one small hay barn, a small quantity of fruit trees and being well watered.

Terms of sale one-third of the purchase price and the balance of the purchase money down on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

D. C. YORSTON,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.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